C-221-5-6

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIV. No. 1 MONTREAL, JANUARY 1, 1909. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

EW Bronscombe 30 Sep 09

An Old-time Sabbath.

(By Philip B. Strong, in the 'C. E. World.')

On mead and woodland breaks no jarring sound
To mar the perfect stillness of the day;
The very sun, that sheds its radiance round,
A silent benediction seems to say.

Where yesterday the sturdy reaper pressed
His swathy way through yellow depths of wheat,
The graceful sheaves in golden ripeness rest,
Unvisited the while by toilful feet.

How calm the day and sacredly serene!
What gracious impress stamps it on the soul!
How through the changeful years that intervene
Its hallowed memories still the life control!

Ah, happy they who such true Sabbaths know,
And blest the land where such true Sabbaths reign;
A boon they bring no wealth can e'er bestow,
A strength no armored navy can attain.

Kingston, N.Y.

Think of the Difference!

Two old men who had been boys together were speaking of the past, present, and future. One had chosen the world and obtained the object of his choice. The other had sought God, and through much affliction and suffering and deprivation had lived a life of peace and victory, and spoke with great delight of his blessed anticipations.

The worldly friend said to those standing by: 'Yes, yes, you wonder why I cannot be as quiet and happy too; but think of the difference; he is going to his treasure, and I—I must leave mine.'—'Sunday Companion.'

—'Children's Friend.'

The Year That is Gone.

(By the Late Professor Drummond.)

What is your life? Life is an irrevocable thing. We have just finished an irrevocable year. As we look back upon it every thought, and word, and act of it is there in its place, just as we left it. There are all the Sabbaths in their places, and all the well-spent days or ill-spent days between. There is every sin, and every wish, and every look still in its own exact surroundings, each under its own day of the month, at the precise moment of the day it happened. We are leaving it all at 12 o'clock to-night; but, remember, we leave it exactly as it stands. No single hour of it can be changed now, no smallest wish can be recalled, no angry word taken back. It is fixed, steadfast, irrevocable—stereotyped for ever in the past plates of eternity. One book has a wonderful metaphor for this—'water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again.' No, we cannot gather up these days, and put them back into Time's breaking urn, and live them over again. They are spilt upon the ground, and the great stream of Time has sucked them up, and cast them already on the eternal shores among all bygone years, and there they bide, till God's time comes, and they come back, one by one, in order as they went, to meet us again, and Him, before the judgment bar. To-morrow is to be a time of resolution, is it? Well, let this resolution take the foremost place of all, that, when this day next year comes, and we look back once more at the irrevocable past, there shall be fewer things to wish undone, or words to wish unsaid, and more spots where memory shall love to linger still, more steps which, when retraced in thought, will fill the heart with praise.

'I Theekit Ma Hoosie in the Calm Weather.'

(J. X. L., in the 'British Weekly.')

All day long the snow had fallen, as if with quiet, steady purpose. As the light faded, the wind rose, and rose till the night was of the wildest. In each little house on the countryside the inmates knew that they were cut off from their neighbors, and that that night there could be neither coming nor going. Light after light in the little village went out, and all was dark. Yet, though it was now near midnight there was one window—had there been any one but God to see it—in which still shone a light. It was in the farmhouse high on the hillside. For within an old man lies dying. Late in the evening he had taken a turn for the worse, and his daughter began to be afraid, knowing that on such a night she could send for no one, either doctor or minister, and fearing she might have to face the Angel alone. Hour after hour she watched and waited. She looked on the gray locks that had once been black as the raven, on the pale cheeks once red as berries, on the strong, straight nose that still spoke to her of all his strength and uprightness. Never again, she murmured to herself, would she see him in the little church bearing the vessels of the Lord—the tallest, dearest figure among all.

'Father,' she said at length, 'wull I read a chapter to ye?'

But the old man was in sore pain, and only moaned. She rose, however, and got the Book, and opened it.

'Father,' she said again, 'what chapter wull I read to ye?'

'Na, na, lassie,' he said; 'the storm's up

noo; I theekit (thatched) my hoosie in the calm weather.'

And thereafter she waited without fear.

Work in Labrador.

HOSPITAL WORK AND PATIENTS AT HARRINGTON.

The Need for the Launch.

This cut that accompanies Dr. Hare's short account of some of last winter's difficulties and successes at Harrington, shows the two cots supported by our readers, and named the 'Witness' and 'Northern Messenger' cots. These are in the splendid new hospital, the opening of which Dr. Hare mentions in his letter and the money for their support has duly gone forward. Nurse Mayou, the sister in charge, is here shown in the regular course of her work. It is for Harrington that the larger launch is so badly needed, a need which Nurse Mayou, in writing of her own duties in 'Among the Deep Sea Fishermen,' incidentally but very forcibly mentions.

'I have five patients in the hospital now,' she writes, 'and they, with the outside cases that I attend to in the doctor's absence, keep me busy. He is away now on the launch on a trip east. He will have been about four

hundred miles by the time he gets back. We had hoped so much he would have had a new launch for this summer. He travels in this one in so much discomfort, standing at the wheel all day on the open deck with no shelter of any kind, nowhere to cook or eat meals but between the two narrow bunks on which he and his man sleep, with the boy on the floor between them. One of the chief disadvantages is that there is no accommodation for patients, and that is really a necessity on this coast, where we have no steamer service, for, with the 'King Edward' coming but once in six weeks from the middle of June to the middle of November and not stopping between here and Natashquan, 132 miles away, the means of transport are very limited. Such people cannot come in little, open sailing boats, exposed to storms, wind and wave.'

We have by far the larger portion of the amount necessary for the new launch now on hand. A few hundred more and we can let Dr. Hare know that next summer there will be ready for him the three thousand dollar launch that will mean not only comfort for himself and companions on their long and trying trips, but what, after all, he cares far more about, safe conveyance to the hospital for the patients that at present he is often forced to leave behind him in inefficient hands. This winter we, as a country, are experiencing a return of prosperity and confidence after a period of hard times and depression, let us show our gratitude by some practical expression of it in dollars and cents.

Deep Sea Mission Hospital,
Harrington.

Dear Editor,—The hospital was opened by public meeting on the evening of January 4, but we had two patients in before that. Things are running fairly smoothly, and the place is getting known up and down the coast. I have shown photos of the building everywhere and explained the object of all the expense and trouble. It will take some time to break down the ignorance of many of the people, but in time they must see the benefits of hospital treatment.

A very sad case occurred not far from here, where a young girl of nine years of age was scalded by having some hot water spilt on her legs. She was neglected and died of what I suppose was blood poisoning in about ten days. The scald was not enough to set up secondary trouble in itself. The house reeks with infectious material, as they often skin seals in the house, and the grease and blood have never been thoroughly removed. The father would not hear of sending her to hospital, in fact we did not hear of it until the child was dead.

We have a young Frenchman out in a tent taking the fresh air treatment for tuberculosis. This is the first one that has consented to try it, and late news from him is that he is gaining flesh, and several of his most distressing symptoms have largely disappeared. We are gradually getting people to believe that this is a disease that they can become infected with through the carelessness of those who are suffering from it. They are getting more careful than they were.

The wharf proceeds slowly; we have five ballast lockers, about fifteen feet square, in position, but they are not all full of rock yet. The boats have to go a mile or so to get small stone for ballast. The ice pushed one of the blocks a little out of the way this spring, but the men think that can be remedied. Between six and seven hundred logs have been cut for us the past winter, besides some wood, and these logs we went after in the launch as soon as we could get inside where the ice melted out.

Game was so scarce this winter that the question of fresh meat was a difficult one. No ptarmigan, or grouse or hares to be had. Whether the heavy coat of ice that we had before Christmas had anything to do with it or not we can't say, but men who had been able to catch four or five hundred hares in the winter were not able to secure more than two or three this season. Only one or two ptarmigan were killed among the people. Seal meat we were able to get once or twice, but it was the meat of the old harps that were caught in the fishery, that is, drowned in nets, so it was not of the very best, but its food value was no doubt as great as ever. Everyone welcomed the fresh fish when they came.

We were able to get some ducks of different kinds until the Gulf ice set in tight. The seal fishery was a very poor one this season, and this has come on top of three years of poor fishing, so that the people here are not very well off. The furnaces that were installed by Mr. Cushing during the autumn and early winter have given perfect satisfaction, though they burn a great deal of wood. The hot water system in the hospital is satisfactory also. The water from the pond on top of the hill was connected up with the buildings as soon as we completed the cleaning of the pond; there was a good deal of mud to be removed.

We have at present in hospital a woman who has been bed-ridden for years, unable to help herself for the greater part of that time. Since coming into hospital she has gained weight, and is now beginning to use her fingers and sew a little.

She also suffers from tuberculosis, which, I am much afraid, we cannot get the better of. She came from a small house, leaving four children; the husband has had to remain at home to look after her and to do the cooking, very little in the house to eat. Bread and tea twice a day was keeping her alive, but she was skin and bone, and steadily going down hill.

When she was leaving home to come to us the neighbors urged her not to come, telling her the doctor would give her chloroform, and cut her up!

After coming in and getting bathed and put into clean clothes, and a clean bed, she fell asleep; finding the sister beside her when she woke, she exclaimed, 'Oh! I thought I was in glory,' and no doubt it seemed something like it to her, accustomed as she was to the dirt, squalor and starvation in the house where she had lain so long unable to move. We trust that bodily improvement will not be all that she may receive while staying in the hospital.

H. MATHER HARE.

[A very interesting letter from Dr. Hare's little daughter, Eileen, appears this week on the correspondence page giving the story of a patient who occupied one of those cots during the past summer.]

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—R. Harnsey, Toronto, $10.00; A Friend, Murray Harbor, $2.00; W. H., Somenos, B.C., .25cts.; Mrs. H. A. Rutherford, Sarnia, Ont., .60cts; Mrs. Jos. H. Shankel, Hubbards, N.S., $2.00; E. B. H., Scarboro, $5.00; A Friend, Prospect, Ont., $5.00; A Subscriber, Tilbury, Ont., $2.00; A Friend, Tilbury, Ont., $1.00; Total..$ 27.85

Received for the cots:—Mrs. Jas. Reid, Peterboro, $2.50; Mrs. Jos. H. Shankel, Hubbards, N.S., $2.00; Total.. .. ..$ 4.50

Received for the komatik:—Mrs. Donald Fisher, Burnstown, Ont., $1.00, H. M. Reid, Peterboro, $2.00; Mrs. Jos. H. Shankel, Hubbards, N.S., $1.00; Mrs. Hannah Sykes, Fredericton, $1.00; Total.. .. ..$ 5.00

Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 1,493.97

Total on hand Dec. 15.. .. .. ..$ 1,531.32

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

A Much Appreciated Gift.

Some friend of our mission work paid for 20 copies of the 'Northern Messenger' for 1908 and had them sent to us directly from the publishing house. They have been used in our Sunday School and have been highly appreciated. Not knowing who the friend is, I take this means of thanking him for his kindness and help, and hope he may be able to continue in the good work.

H. G. MELLECK,
Indian Missionary, Gilolo, P.O.,
St. Peter's Reservation, Manitoba.

Victorian Indian Orphan Society.

To the Editor,
The 'Northern Messenger,'
Dear Sir:—

I would like in a few lines to pay a tribute to the good work being done by the V. I. O. Society of Winnipeg in supporting the Famine girls and boys in Dhar (India). I had my work in Dhar for about a year, and again after about seven years, I had the opportunity of visiting Dhar and there was no part of the work I was more interested in seeing than that among the orphan children. Miss O'Hara loves her Bhil girls and they pay her back richly in the same coin. It does one good to see the enthusiasm they put into their sing-

ing and work, too. And there is no work the Church has done in India that has done more to commend the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the Hindus and Mohammedans of India than this work which has been done on behalf of the orphans. The V. I. O. S. deserves praise for the way in which it has taken up and is maintaining this good work.

A. P. LEDINGHAM,
(of Rasalpara, India.)

P.S.—Any information in connection with this work, or contribution for the same, will receive prompt attention from the Secretary-Treasurer.

MRS. A. T. TAYLOR,
205 Maryland street,
Winnipeg.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, JANUARY 10, 1909.

The Descent of the Holy Spirit.

Acts ii., 1-11. Memory verses 2-4. Read Acts ii., 1-21.

Golden Text.

I will pray the Father and He shall give you another Comforter that He may abide with you for ever; even the spirit of truth. John xiv., 16, 17.

Home Readings.

Monday, January 4.—Acts ii., 1-11.
Tuesday, January 5.—Acts ii., 12-21.
Wednesday, January 6.—Joel ii., 21-32.
Thursday, January 7.—John xiv., 15-26.
Friday, January 8.—John xvi., 4-14.
Saturday, January 9.—I. Cor. xii., 1-13.
Sunday, January 10.—Rom. viii., 1-14.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Were you ever promised anything at a certain time, Willie, perhaps on your birthday? Suppose that your little brother had broken your toy gun and mother said 'Never mind, Will, your birthday is coming soon and you shall have another one, one that you can shoot much better with. I'll see father about it.' Would that make the loss of your old one easier to bear? What would you be thinking about in the days before your birthday came? You'd be thinking 'I wonder what kind of a gun father'll get me. I hope he won't forget about it,' wouldn't you? and you'd be planning what you would do with it when it came. Perhaps you'd remind father that your birthday was coming, if you thought he was going to forget, wouldn't you? Now when you are just boys, all of you, you want a great many things, don't you? and you want them very much. When you grow up do you think you will want the same things, or will you want others? Well, some of you will want to be very clever, some will want to be rich, and all I hope will want to be good men, strong and true. Sometimes you will be disappointed about the things you want. Even when some men do get rich they don't get happy, and some clever men, too, have been very unhappy. Perhaps, too, you won't be able to be rich or clever, but you can always be good true men because if you really want to be, God will always help you. Last Sunday we were learning about the disciples of Christ and how sad they were when Jesus had to go away and leave them, but Jesus had promised to send them some one to take his place on earth, to be always with them, and in our lesson to-day we learn about how God's Holy Spirit did come as Christ promised them he would.

FOR THE SENIORS.

To-day's lesson is full of matter for thought in the older classes. At the outset comes the question of the power of united prayer, of continued supplication, of the pleading of God's promises, in fact the whole question of prayer, and why it is that to-day the church makes so little use of this mighty weapon. The gift and presence of the Holy Spirit, the visible signs, and the gift of tongues, all open fascinating fields of discussion. About the gift of tongues there are a great many varying opinions, and scholars have come to no agreement. It seems to have been a sign whose power was advisable in the early church, but which did not last for long. The church once firmly established did not need the witness of this sign any more than it required the witness of miraculous healing. But the subject is of very real interest. After our Lord's Ascension the little band of workers realized to the full their responsibility and set to work at once to do all in their power, repairing their broken ranks (Acts i., 21, 22), gathering their forces (verses 14, 15), and obeying the last command of their Lord to wait in Jerusalem. They were united, they were consecrated, they were obedient, and in ten days the blessing came. Came so that the city was moved, came so that they could not contain the bounteous outpouring and their immediate impulse was to spread the good news abroad. The visible and audible manifestation of the coming of God's Spirit is not necessary to-day for He is here with us, and from that day to this has not left God's people. Our God has been gracious to the utmost; He cannot give us more than he has given; it only remains for us to realize our heritage and accept, and make use of the powers that are ready to our hands. The church has a mighty work, but she has unlimited resources on which to draw if she only will.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

A Great Mystery.—How mysterious the whole problem is! The Holy Spirit is in us, working in us to do God's good pleasure; but yet how much of our life is due to Him, and how much is really ours? These motives by which we are moved; how many of them come from Heaven and how many of them come from the earth? These impulses that drive us in a certain direction, how many of them are the creation of the Spirit, and how many of them are the creation of our own flesh? How can any man tell how fully God has taken possession of his life? All this is a great mystery; but it is the same sort of mystery which we face every time we think about the action of the mind upon the body. How does the human spirit act upon the body? Nobody knows. And how does one mind influence another mind? We speak familiarly of influence—we influence others and are in turn influenced by them; but what is this something which we call influence? and how can one mind be molded and turned by another? If we can not answer questions like these, why should we be surprised that we can not follow the processes of God's activity when He is at work in the heart of man? If we can not explain the action of the human mind, much less may we hope to be able to explain the mind of God.

But while we move amid great mysteries, there are certain things clear as the sun at noon. The Christian religion makes the declaration positive and unmistakable that there is such a person as the Holy Spirit. He is real and as personal and as mighty as Christ is, as God the Father is.—Charles Edward Jefferson, in Things Fundamental.

William Carey's 'gift of tongues.'—This great missionary translated the Bible into four languages, and superintended the translation into three others and the translation of portions of the Scriptures into thirty-six more! 'The life work of William Carey is one of the most wonderful which our world has seen, not less for its difficulty, its amount, its enthusiasm, and its influence over the history of the race, than for the humility, the gentleness, the patience of the great heart that undertook and carried it forward without weariness until the close of his brilliant career.'

The Gospel can be told in All Earth's Many Tongues.—You can not translate other religious systems as you can this. All others need language kindred to that of their original soil. But the gospel can be put into any tongue which men speak, and will refine and purify it. Luther's Bible made the German language what it is.—Alexander Maclaren.

I have so much to do to-day I shall not be able to get through it without much time in prayer.—Martin Luther.

You have God's power when God has all of you.—J. F. Carson.

The great question is, not what the Holy Spirit is, but what He does in the soul of the believing man.—A. B. Bruce.

The history of any great revival is a record of the Spirit's coming upon assemblies of Christians, and thus giving the tongue of fire to individuals.—A. C. Dixon.

The poverty of many professing Christians in regard to spiritual gifts is directly due to the smallness of their expectations and desires.—Alexander Maclaren.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

There are two ways in which God answers prayer for spiritual gifts: (1) by the gift itself, (2) the other by making the soul capable of receiving the gift in full measure. Both kinds of answers were given to this praying company.

Illustrations.—God can give the sunlight, and he can open blind eyes to receive it, or ordinary eyes to clearer sight.

The sun is shining on our homes, but we can close our blinds and let cobwebs shut out the light. We need a spiritual throwing wide open of all the prejudices, worldliness, selfishness, that keep the Holy Spirit from shining into our inmost souls.

Illustration From Mr. Moody's Experience.—'I can myself go back almost twelve years, and remember two holy women who used to come to my meetings. It was delightful to see them there. When I began to preach, I could tell by the expression of their faces that they were praying for me. At the close of the Sabbath evening meetings they would say to me, "We have been praying for you." I said, "Why don't you pray for the people?" They answered, "'You need the power.'" "I need power!" I said to myself, "Why, I thought I had power." I had a large Sabbath school, and the largest congregation in Chicago. There were "some" conversions at the time. I was, in a sense, satisfied. But, right along, these two godly women kept praying for me, and their earnest talk about anointing for special services set me thinking. I asked them to come and talk with me, and we got down on our knees. They poured out their hearts that I might receive an anointing from the Holy Spirit, "and there came a great hunger into my soul." I did not know what it was. I began to cry as I never did before. The hunger increased. I was crying all the time that God would fill me with His Spirit. Well, one day in the city of New York—oh, what a day! I cannot describe it; I seldom refer to it; it is almost too sacred an experience to name. Paul had an experience of which he never spoke for fourteen years. I can only say God then revealed Himself to me, and I had such an experience of His love that I had to ask Him to stay His hand. I went to preaching again. The sermons were not different; I did not present any new truths; and yet hundreds were converted. I would not now be placed back where I was before that blessed experience if you would give me all Glasgow—it would be as the small dust of the balance.'—Dwight L. Moody in address at Glasgow.

Bible References.

I. Cor. xiv., 1-33; Matt. 18, 19; Luke xi., 13; I. Cor. iii., 16; Luke xviii., 1; I. Thess. v., 17.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, January 10.—Topic—A good prayer meeting. Acts i., 12-14.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, January 4.—Live the eternal life. Matt. xix., 16-26.

Tuesday, January 5.—A man that lived for self. Luke xii., 16-21.

Wednesday, January 6.—How Jesus lived. Heb. xii., 1-5.

Thursday, January 7.—The life of faith. Matt. v., 19, 20, 25-34.

Friday, January 8.—Looking beyond. II. Cor. iv., 16-18.

Saturday, January 9.—The abiding life. I. Cor. xiii., 1-13.

Sunday, January 10.—Topic—Living for the day or for eternity. Heb. vii., 15, 16; Matt. xvi., 24-27.

'It is Nothing to Me.'

'Tis nothing to me,' the beauty said,
With a careless toss of her pretty head;
'The man is weak who can't refrain
From the cup you say is fraught with pain.'
It was something to her in after years,
When her eyes were drenched in burning tears,
And she watched in lonely grief and dread,
And started to hear a staggering tread.

'It's nothing to me,' the mother said:
'I have no fear that my boy will tread
The downward path of sin and shame,
And crush my heart and darken my name.'
It was something to her when her only son
From the path of life was early won,
And madly quaffed of the flowing bowl,
Then—a ruined body and ship-wrecked soul.

'It's nothing to me,' the merchant said,
As over the ledger he bent his head;
'I'm busy to-day with tare and tret;
I have no time to fume and fret.'
It was something to him when over the wire
A message came from a funeral pyre—
A drunken conductor had wrecked the train—
His wife and child were among the slain.

'It's nothing to me,' the young man cried;
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride.
'I heed not the dreadful things you tell;
I can rule myself, I know full well!'

'Twas something to him when in prison he lay,
The victim of drink, life ebbing away,
As he thought of his wretched child and wife,
And the mournful wreck of his wasted life.

—Author Unknown.

Why Drink?

Yes, why? The time is gone for asking why anyone abstains. It is the drinker who is on his defence. Abstinence commends itself—it is drinking that needs to be apologized for. And not excessive drinking merely, but all drinking down or up to the most moderate. Why drink? You do not need strong drink. All doctors of any note agree that the body is better without alcohol than with it. Experience demonstrates what science now teaches. Insurance societies afford incontestable evidence to the same effect. Why drink, then? You cannot drink without less or more of peril. It is readily admitted that many have drunk moderately and never become what is understood as drunkards. But a tremendous number have. Where some stand others fall. And no one can be sure that he will have strength to resist. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' To go into the way of temptation, to tamper with what effects the ruin of many thousands, is not to take heed. It is to risk recklessly. The safer way is to pray as our Master has taught us, 'Lead us not into temptation.' Why drink, then? You lessen your influence in helping others. Many through moderate drinking pass to drunkenness, but no drunkard is ever reclaimed by moderate drinking. For him abstinence is the only possible safety. If you wish therefore to help one who is down through drink you cannot bid him do as you do. You have to warn him against that. But with what effect can you speak to him? Your practice nullifies your counsel, and robs you of power alike to save the fallen and prevent others from falling. Nor will it do for you to say that you will leave temperance men to deal with drunkards, and continue to take strong drink. The helping of others is your work, and shame and woe come to the man who neglects it. 'If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, we knew it not, doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it, and He that keepeth thy soul doth not He know it, and shall not He render to every man according to his work?' Why drink, then? You by drinking however moderately, cast the weight of your influence for the perpetuation of the liquor traffic and all the drinking customs, with their terrible progeny of evil. If no good person countenanced it, the liquor traffic would perish speedily of its inherent corruptness. It is the support which the good give that is urged as the reason for licenses to be issued and drinking customs to be maintained. That devolves a tremendous responsibility on every good person who continues to countenance the evil thing. It may be true that you 'take very little.' But 'taking any' carries you and all your influence to the drinking side. Is not that to be avoided at all costs? And if it would be easy for you to give it up, why not do the easy thing and stand for the dregs of the people, for the safety of all who are in peril? Even if it should cost you a great deal, should it not be done? Think of the issues which are at stake, the evils that are being wrought, the souls that may be saved, and in God's strength resolve that, whatever others may do, you will stand for all that tends to sweeten the waters of life and add to the happiness of the people for time and eternity.—'Temperance Leader.'

Whisky's Toll.

Judge McKenzie Cleland of the municipal court of Chicago says:

'Most of the crime is directly caused by the saloon. The state is rather inconsistent in its attitude toward the criminal. It licenses the saloon with one hand, and the other hand punishes the poor man who gets into trouble through drinking.'

This declaration is confirmed by the following letter:

PILLOW, SMITH & STONE,
LAWYERS,
Marion, Ill., January 24, 1908.

Mr. Frank W. Loy,
Effingham, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Answering yours of the 21st inst.: Will say that I have been practicing law about twenty-seven years, and have been connected with the prosecution or defense, with sixty-seven murder cases, sixty-five of which were caused directly by the use of intoxicating liquor. During my somewhat extensive criminal practice I can safely say that at least ninety-seven percent of all the crimes that have come under my observation were the result of the use of intoxicating liquors; either directly or indirectly.

Very truly,
GEORGE W. PILLOW.

—'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

Uncle Sam and the Saloonkeeper.

Once Uncle Sam called upon the saloonkeeper, says Amos R. Wells in the 'Christian Endeavor World.'

'I have been hearing sad words about you and your establishment,' said Uncle Sam, 'and I have a big notion to close up your whole business.'

Then the saloon-keeper was greatly disturbed, and at once took Uncle Sam out in front of his magnificent building and showed him the throng of men pressing in. 'See how well dressed and respectable they are,' urged the saloon-keeper. 'Why, some of the first families in town patronize my establishment.'

Then he showed Uncle Sam the great trains loaded with grain that were rushing toward his distillery, the army of workmen employed in brewery, distillery, and saloon, the great stream of money kept in brisk motion by the enterprise, and a thousand evidences of thrift.

'Why, Uncle Sam,' cried the saloon-keeper in triumph, 'this industry of mine is by all odds the most important in your entire domain. It keeps hundreds of thousands at work, and if you should shut up my establishment you would ruin the farmers, and the railroads, and the machine-shops, and the laboring classes.'

Uncle Sam stood for a little with his chin in his hand, and then he looked up with a sharp eye. 'There is a front side and a back side to every business. You have showed me what goes "in" to your establishment. Now will you please show me what comes "out"? I have learned to estimate a business, not by the raw material, but by the product. Conduct me to the rear of your establishment.'

But this the saloon-keeper strenuously refused to do. Why? Because he was unwilling to have the products of the saloon seen. They would frighten the young away from his saloon. Thousands of bright men, professional men, prosperous men, transformed into drunkards. Thousands of boys ruined for life. Poverty, vice, crime, sorrows, sickness, pain, early deaths, ruined homes, miseries untold.

The Power of Influence.

The story is told of a piece of personal work done by Gladstone. He became interested in a couple of young men who had gone wrong. They were rapidly establishing reputations as drunkards. He made up his mind to invest something in them. He asked them to call at Hawarden Castle. They felt honored and accepted the invitation.

In the library he spoke to them of the evil that was degrading them and bringing sorrow and humiliation to their families and friends. He appealed to them to re-assert their manhood and to triumph over their evil passions. They responded to his appeal. Then he knelt down and asked God to help them in their new and high resolve to lead a better life.

One of the men said years afterwards:

'Never can I forget the scene, and as long as I live the memory of it will be indelibly impressed on my mind. The Grand Old Man was profoundly moved by the intensity of his solicitation. My companion is now a prominent minister, and neither of us have touched a drop of intoxicating drink since, nor are we ever likely to violate an undertaking so impressively ratified in Mr. Gladstone's library.'

Nobody can measure the influence of a personal appeal. It will bear fruit some time and in some way. God will use it wisely when the time comes.—Selected.

Mushrooms or Toadstools?

Old gentleman to boy and girl gathering mushrooms: 'Now, my dears, be very careful, for you might get some poisonous toadstools!'

Boy and Girl: 'Oh, it doesn't matter, sir, we are not going to eat them. They are for the market.'

There are some teetotal publicans, who are wise enough not to drink the poison, alcohol, themselves.—Selected.

You often hear the remark that there is no harm in a glass of wine 'per se.' 'Per se' means by itself. Place a glass of wine on a shelf, and let it remain there, and it is 'per se,' and will harm no one. But if you take it from the shelf, and turn it inside a man, then it is no longer 'per se.'—'Medical Pioneer.'

Our Pansy Blossom Club.

The 'Pansies' are still in full bloom, and we invite all our young readers to gather them. Ten cents each from five friends who have not been taking the 'Messenger' sent in to us with the five names and addresses will secure: 1. The 'Messenger' for three months to each of the friends. 2. A beautiful colored picture 'Pansy Blossoms,' 9 by 16 inches, to each of the club and to the club raiser. 3. A Maple Leaf Brooch to the club raiser as a reward for trouble taken.

The 'Messengers' may be sent anywhere in Canada, outside Montreal or suburbs, or to Newfoundland or the British Isles, but the pictures will all be sent to the club raiser to distribute.

Send the money carefully (by money order registered letter, or stamps) addressed to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, and mark both in the corner of your envelope and at the top of your letter inside, the words 'Pansy Blossom Club.'

MORE WORKERS.

The following also have sent lists:—Shella Hocquard, Flaira Cool, Lizzie Price, Margaret Blair, J. Shipley, F. Mildred Douglas, Edith Hicks, Ethel Walton, Estella Wilson, Hazel Parks, Hazel Parsons, E. Donaldson, Zeda Meister, Lucy Longmire, Willie Burks, Willie Deyson, Muriel Haslam, Emerson Warren, Jennie Prosser, Maynard Parker, Amanetta Hallamore, Mrs. Abner Parker, Nellie MacDonell, Mary Crowdes, Flora C. Duncan, M. H. Johnson, Earle Bird, Elwood Miller.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by six, printed in purple and white and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

Nearly all the new members for this week have sent in their orders for badges and pledge cards with their names, and several of the old members have also sent in their orders. All speak of their interest in the League and its objects, and if all keep up the spirit in which they have started, why, we shall indeed have a New Year in more than just the matter of time. Perhaps some of you have caught yourselves breaking your pledges. Don't be discouraged; no one can be perfect all at once, but if you do fall, pick yourself up again, brush the dust off as well as you can, and make a fresh start with your pledge to help you on. It would be a very silly man who stayed where he was because he fell down there.

The new members for this week are Ethel I. Horn, S., Ont.; Bessie M. Strong, P. H., C.B.; Evelyn B. Keirstead, F., N.B.; Mabel M. Warren, C., P.E.I., Mabel Helen Young, H., Ont.; Dorothy J. Sutherland, K., Que.; Jessie M. Sutherland, K., Que.; Meryl Rutherford, O., Alta.; Gordon C. Atkinson, W. B., N.S.; Annie Matthews and Katie Matthews, W., Ont.; Hugh McDermaid and George McDermaid, I. H., Sask.

[All our correspondents who know anything about the work which is being done by the hospitals and doctors to help the poor people in Labrador, will be glad to read this letter from Dr. Hare's little daughter, Eileen, but it will be especially interesting to the many who have helped to furnish and support the cots of which she writes. Look on the second page of this 'Messenger' and you will find more about the hospital at Harrington, and a picture of the cots that you are supporting.]

Harrington Harbor,
Nov. 9, 1908.

Dear Editor,—The last schooner for this year is leaving the coast to-morrow and we shall not be able to send or receive any mail until the middle of January. After January the mail is brought five hundred miles on komatik and dogs. We receive four mails during the winter and we are all so excited when we see 'Uncle' Fred coming with the mail bags tied together on his komatik. My mother thought the boys and girls who support the cots in the Deep Sea Mission Hospital would be pleased to hear something about the sick people who have been helped by your kindness. Last March, one very stormy night, we heard the dogs barking wildly, then we knew a komatik must be near, because komatik dogs always bark when strange dogs are near. Presently a komatik with a box on it, passed our house on its way to the hospital. I knew then that a sick woman had arrived and was so glad father was at home. The woman had been travelling almost a week to get here. She had parted with her little children leaving them with some neighbors. She was very ill, for some weeks after coming here, the journey tired her very much and it was many weeks before I was allowed to carry up one of my little flowers to her. Mrs. D. had not walked one step for over three years, but after a few months of good nursing and good food she was able to return to her family walking and feeling quite well. I am afraid I have written a very long letter this time, so I must stop. I will write about the other occupants of the cots some other time.

Wishing you all a very Merry Christmas,
Your little reader,
EILEEN E. M. HARE.

T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My mamma and I have to live alone, as dear papa is at home with Jesus. I have a nice big dog named Rover, and he is a good watch dog. I have a tortoise shell cat and a kitten named Thomas. I wonder what the other boys did Hallowe'en, I went to my neighbor's to a taffy pull. I will be eight years old on the ninth of November, the same birth day as our King. I am in book Part II. at school. I go to the Presbyterian Church and Sunday School, and got a nice marked Testament as a present last Sunday. It was our last day of Sunday School, for we cannot have it through the winter, as the children have too far to go. Perhaps I had better close now, for if I write too much you may not want to hear from me again.

R. CECIL PTOLEMY.

V. H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have two little cousins in India, their parents are missionaries. We expect the oldest one home next spring to stay with us until the college opens in the fall.

FLORENCE HOPE CROSS.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Santa Claus.' W. Eric McBain (aged 12), A., Ont.
2. 'Calla Lily.' W. Eric McBain.
3. 'Our Garden Gate.' Margaret Stewart (aged 7), F., Ont.
4. 'A Steamship.' William Cumming, V., P.Que.
5. 'Jimmy.' Henry Maskell (aged 14), S., P.Que.
6. 'Church Tower.' Ilsley E. Stevenson (aged 12), G. R., N.S.
7. 'A Merry Christmas.' Janie L. Libbey, B., N.B.
8. 'A Plant.' Jessie M. Russell (aged 10).
9. 'North End Methodist Church.' Charles G. Richardson (aged 13), Montreal.
10. 'Who For?' Edna Kraeiter, W., Ont.
11. 'A Pear, a Melon, and Potato.' Russell Drummond, R., Ont.
12. 'Our School House.' Hilda Elliot (aged 10), G. R., N.S.
13. 'Bedroom Furniture.' Macklem H. Learn, S., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Bessie M. Strong, P. H., C.B., tells about their 'dear little dog, Teddy. He is a fox terrier.' Do you teach him any tricks, Bessie? Fox terriers are very quick to learn.

George McDermaid, I. H., Sask., has a mamma who reads to him the letters from the other boys and girls.

Meryl Rutherford, O., Alta., thinks the R. L. of K. has a very nice pledge.

Dorothy J. Sutherland, K., P.Que., tells of the practising for the Christmas-tree treat in their school.

Cora Silver, D., Ont., is one of our R. L. of K. members who joined some time ago. She has been wearing the ribbon badge, but now wants the brooch pin one. We are sorry, Cora, not to be able to publish full addresses. We have had to make that our rule, but if you want to send a message to any member of the League, or ask a question, write, and we will be pleased to publish your letter. We shall be glad to have our R. L. of K. members exchange thoughts on their difficulties.

Gordon C. Atkinson, W. B., N.S., writes 'skating is coming on and I am very glad, because I like to skate. I like winter better than summer, for there is more fun. I hope there will be a large number of young folks join the League.' Gordon is one of our new R. L. of K. members.

Edna Krauter, W., Ont., says 'We are having lovely sleighing and I have had two cutter rides.' Edna sends all New Year's greetings.

Evidently winter suits our Canadian boys and girls, for here is another letter about its delights: Helen Ames, C., Ont., lives in the country and has 'great fun riding down the hill.'

Alice Winger, S., Ont., has nine dolls. 'I call my favorite one Rosie. We have snow here now and I had a sleigh ride.'

Mary McGregor, B., Ont., says 'the church we go to is on our farm.' No, Mary, your letter is not too long; it would be better to make it longer and tell us lots of news in it.

Ella M. Chappell, W., N.S., is taking music and painting lessons. That must be very nice. Only one brother, Ella, and he away such a long distance? That's too bad.

C. R. Adams, S., B.C., sends a short letter with some good drawings.

Support the Best.

As long as good people will prefer to patronize newspapers and magazines that carry liquor advertising just so much longer will it take to turn the public mind against the traffic. No publication is perfect and as no two blades of grass, no two people are alike, opinions must vary and the best papers will have their critics. The question before every reader is not, however, 'Which is the perfect paper? I'll take it or none!' But 'Which is the best paper? I'll take it till I know a better!' And the best paper or magazine can easily be discovered if you put it in the right scales, or wear the right kind of glasses. Bulk does not count for much; a great big paper like a great big man may be wicked at heart, and in a very insidious way be an influence for harm in the home. But such a man would not be admitted, much less welcomed. Why should we not be even more careful about a paper or magazine that comes regularly into our homes?

BOYS AND GIRLS

One Thing I Know.

You ask me how I gave my heart to Christ?
I do not know.
There came a yearning for Him in my soul
So long ago.
I found earth's flowers would fade and die—
I wept for something that could satisfy;
And then—and then—somehow I seemed to dare
To lift my broken heart to Him in prayer.
I do not know—I cannot tell you how;
I only know He is my Saviour now.

You ask me when I gave my heart to Christ?
I cannot tell.
The day, or just the hour, I do not now
remember well.
It must have been when I was all alone
The light of His forgiving Spirit shone
Into my heart, so clouded o'er with sin;
I think—I think, 'twas then I let Him in.
I do not know—I cannot tell you when;
I only know He is so dear, since then.

You ask me where I gave my heart to Christ?
I cannot say.
That sacred place has faded from my sight
as yesterday.
Perhaps He thought it better I should not
Remember where. How I should love that
spot!
I think I could not tear myself away,
For I should wish forever there to stay.
I do not know—I cannot tell you where;
I only know He came and blessed me there.

You ask my why I gave my heart to Christ?
I can reply;
It is a wondrous story; listen, while
I tell you why.
My heart was drawn, at length, to seek His
face;
I was alone, I had no resting place;
I heard how He had loved me, with a love
Of depth so great, of height so far above
All human ken; I longed such love to share,
And sought it then, upon my knees in
prayer.

You ask me why I thought this loving
Christ
Would heed my prayer?
I know He died upon the cross for me—
I nailed Him there.
I heard his dying cry: 'Father, forgive!'
I saw Him drain death's cup that I might
live;
My head was bowed upon my breast in shame!
He called me—and in penitence I came.
He heard my prayer! I cannot tell you
how,
Nor when, nor where; only—I love Him now.

—Selected.

Training Baby Animals for the Stage.

(By Helen Grant, in 'Leslie's Weekly.')

A farmer would scarcely believe that a goose requires only about sixty hours in order to prepare it for the footlights and a critical audience, and that a common pig, which has been bought in the market, will in thirty hours be competent to blossom forth as an actor. According to Mr. Clyde Powers, a trainer of wide experience and much patience, it takes a duck about three days to learn how to march on the stage, to follow the chorus, and to march off again at the proper time; it takes a chicken a week or more, and a turkey cannot grasp the art of acting before six months' time. Mr. Powers has tried to train a pea-fowl, but he finds it impossible. A goose is the most intelligent of all the feathered tribe, and a goose is also the only one of the domestic fowls that show affection.

During a visit of the writer at a dress rehearsal at the Hippodrome, three or four cub bears were being schooled in the art of standing on their heads, in diving in an auto, or at least appearing to do so, and last, but not least—for it amuses an audience greatly—to drink out of bottles. To teach them this last act is not very difficult if the bottles are filled with sweetened water; in fact, the difficulty comes in preventing the cubs from stealing these bottles and rehearsing before it is time, so fond are they of this particular form of acting. Bears are decidedly humorous, and while they know perfectly well what they are doing, they often do a trick the wrong way, apparently just for the humor of the thing, and they seem to enjoy the scolding, which with baby bears is seldom accompanied by punishment. The trainer's pockets are usually bulging with sugar, and the cubs are given a taste every time they obey orders and go through a trick with willingness. If a bear is good-tempered and of adaptable disposition, a new trick can be mastered in about four weeks.

An animal act which attracted a great deal of attention in this country from lovers of the four-footed performers was that of Clare Heliot with her troupe of ten full-grown lions. Miss Heliot not only trained these animals without assistance, but she continues to assist in caring for them. The first thing every morning she makes the round of the cages to see that her pets are happy and well. In return for her devotion the lions are slavishly fond of her, and she is one of the very few trainers who have been in the work for ten years without receiving even a scratch.

'My lions are good-natured in everything except in the matter of dress,' said Miss Heliot; 'they will not let me wear all colors, and they do not like too much trimming. One day I surprised them by wearing a new costume which was lavender and green with green ribbons hanging from the shoulders, and the skirt was cut in loose panels of green showing the lavender underneath. As soon as I appeared in the arena I noticed that something was wrong. The lions were all sitting up and gazing at me with reproachful amazement in every line of their expressive faces. When I approached "King," my favorite and the one I carry on my back across the stage, he struck at me with his paw. The general temper of the lot of them became so unfriendly that I decided that it must be the dress, and at the first opportunity I changed and appeared in the old costume again, much to the evident satisfaction of my critical pets, who condescended to receive me on friendly terms once more.'

An Old Game With a New Name.

(Emma C. Dowd, in the 'Zion's Herald.')

When Bertha Chapin gave a party one game was played that greatly amused and mystified the children. Aunt Ruth called it 'Magic,' and although she said it was an old game which she had played when she was a little girl, none of the guests knew anything about it.

Aunt Ruth went out of the room, telling the others to select something in plain sight. As soon as they had decided what it should be, they were to call her back.

When she came, Carl Chapin asked her questions.

'Is it the rug?' he began.

Aunt Ruth gazed intently at the floor, and then answered, 'No.'

'Is it the fireplace?'

'No.'

'The painting over the piano?'

After a close look at the picture, Aunt Ruth again said, 'No.'

'Bertha's dress?'

'No.'

And so the questions ran on, every answer being the same.

'How does she know?' began to be asked here and there.

Finally the question came: 'Is it the clock?'

'No,' answered Aunt Ruth again.

'Is it Hetty Graeber's sash?'

All the children were on the alert now, for that was the object they had chosen.

Aunt Ruth went over to Betty, felt of her sash ribbon, and said: 'Yes.'

'Oh how can you tell?' they chorused.

'Do you want me to try again?' Aunt Ruth smiled.

'Yes, if you please,' and, 'Oh, I wish you would!' came from one and another.

So something else was decided upon, and the questions and answers went along as before, only this time the girls and boys watched more closely, to see if they could discover Aunt Ruth's secret way of knowing the object they had chosen. But they could not.

'Is it my shoe?' Carl asked at last, putting forward his foot and showing a handsome tie of patent leather.

'No,' said Aunt Ruth.

'Is it "The Birds' Christmas Carol" in the book-case?'

'Yes,' replied Aunt Ruth, 'that is it.'

Everybody was puzzled—that is, everybody but Carl. He laughed.

'Try it once more!' they pleaded.

But no one guessed the secret even then.

'You will have to tell us,' Grace Chapin said.

But the rest did not want to be told.

'We want to find out for ourselves,' they declared.

'Let Grace go out,' somebody suggested.

Carl looked at Aunt Ruth. She scribbled a few words on a bit of paper, and handed it to Grace as she left the room.

'Oh, you've told her the way to do it!' Norton cried. 'Let me ask the questions.'

But Carl said he was afraid that his brother wouldn't do it right; so with much laughing the play went on.

Grace guessed the right thing, just as quickly as Aunt had, and then as nobody could solve the mystery, Carl told:

'I name something that is black in color just before I come to the object chosen,' he said; 'that's all there is to it.'

'Queen Bess.'

Or, Too Old for Play with Dolls.'

(Nannie J. Rea, in the 'Christian Observer.')

As Queen Bess had figured in all the stirring scenes of life her wardrobe, of necessity, was so varied and extensive that a Saratoga trunk would hardly have contained the costumes, which, like those belonging to a cheap actress, were brought into requisition whenever Queen Bess happened to be the central figure in any particular drama, which at the time struck the fancy of the Queen's youthful possessor.

Who was Queen Bess, you ask? Why no more or less important personage than Gracie's large doll, in whose welfare the little lady had labored assiduously by hand, and on the sewing machine, since she was eight years old, and now, that she had reached the mature age of twelve, was seriously contemplating the step of forever severing her relations with Queen Bess, who at the present moment, was in her own little bed, sleeping the sleep of the just, utterly oblivious of the dire calamity awaiting her, and which was only another illustration of the ingratitude of the human heart; inasmuch as she had ever been faithful in any position which it had pleased Miss Grace to place her.

Was there a wedding on the tapis, there was an elaborate white dress and veil folded away for the momentous occasion, and in which Queen Bess consented to be arrayed, without protest, not even claiming the right to consult her own feelings as to whether her heart's interests were involved.

When called upon to act as a prize skater on a pond of glass confiscated from a broken mirror, there was a gay costume forthcoming, which Bess donned without an instant's hesitation. When requested to masquerade as a beggar-maid, the garments, 'all tattered and torn,' were produced as if by a stroke of magic. At another time, she was a gipsy fortune-teller; again a school girl in a long, white apron; and at times a school marm with a room full of little rag dolls, who were her most submissive pupils. Occasionally, she was an innocent baby in infantile robes of spotless purity. And horrible to relate, down at the very bottom of the capacious wardrobe, there was a full sailor suit, even to the blue cap, and in obedience to Gracie's wishes, Queen Bess permitted herself to be transformed into a despised boy, with the same sweet serenity which had characterized her formerly.

However, on the morning in question, Gracie

was standing by the south window in the kitchen, looking out upon the white-robed earth all glistening with diamond-like icicles, which hung pendant from the eaves of every house within the range of her vision.

'Yes, I was twelve yesterday, and entirely too old to play with Queen Bess any longer. I am really ashamed to be seen with her in my arms. But, oh dear, if it hadn't been for her, I wouldn't know so much about sewing. Mamma told Aunt Martha last week, that I am just fine with the needle, and that I learned to sew making clothes for Queen Bess.'

Happening to glance across the alley, Gracie saw the six little fatherless children hovering over their smoky stove, and shivering in their scant apparel.

'Oh, I know what I'll do,' and Gracie almost clapped her hands at the thought. 'The garret is just full of clothing. I'll ask mamma to cut out the things, and I'll make up a lot of clothing for those poor children. Their tired mother can hardly earn enough for them to eat, taking in washing, and I know I can keep them from freezing this long, cold winter. I got to be twelve just at the right time.'

Then the little girl who was too ancient to play with her doll, went to work with a will, and had a happy time the next two weeks, at the machine, and still happier, when she sent a bundle twice as large as herself across the way, and the happiest of all when she saw the six children snugly clothed out and out, even down to made-over stockings. Then there were hoods and wraps which she had outgrown, and caps which were contributed by Aunt Martha, whose girls had all been boys.

Arthur's Choice.

(By Jasper J. Frewing, in 'The Christian Age.')

'Shall I make up the fire, mother?'

'Do, please. It's a bitterly cold night, and your father will want thawing when he comes in from the train.'

Arthur Fletcher, a straight-limbed, bright-faced, warm-hearted lad of seventeen, took up the copper scuttle, and, after the manner of boys, flung fresh coals into the grate. This done, he leaned against the marble mantelpiece, and, gazing into the fire, dreamed dreams. Being thoughtful beyond his years, he was given to silent meditation. His mother, who sat in a cozy arm-chair knitting, understanding his mood, held her peace. Occasionally she glanced at him with pride and love.

'Mother.'

'Yes, my son.'

'I want to be a missionary.'

It was a moment of supreme joy to the mother, the like of which is only tasted at rare intervals by a few choice souls, and never by the majority. The decision of her son meant the realization of her dearest ambition. Rising from her seat, she kissed him affectionately, saying, 'God be praised for His goodness.'

The hand of the mother was still upon the shoulder of the son, when in the passage there was the rush of hurrying feet, and the hum of happy voices. The door was thrown suddenly open, and two merry little maidens of nine darted across the room crying, 'Artie, come and play with us before we go to bed. You said you would.'

The 'twins' seized their big brother by the coat and dragged him off in triumph. So the would-be missionary was compelled to descend from the 'mountain of dreams' to play 'Blind-man's-buff' in the nursery.

When Arthur left Merlin Grammar School he entered his father's office, where he had been working for nearly eighteen months, during which time he had proved that he had a 'head for business.' His life had been singularly sweet and pure. High-spirited, and brimful of fun, as he was, his conduct had never caused his parents a 'needless tear,' and in Christian work he was intelligent, enthusiastic, and sincere.

'My son,' said Mr. Fletcher, when he knew of Arthur's decision, 'in hope of this day I have toiled in business, that you might be thoroughly equipped for your service. I would rather see you a missionary than 'Chancellor of the Exchequer.'

'And can I go to college, and may I have a medical training as well?'

'Certainly.'

Everything was duly settled, and the hour of Arthur's departure to college had come. The twins clung to him pathetically. Both sobbed.

'Won't you never come back any more to play with us?' cried Madge.

'Oh, yes! lots of times. I will be home again soon, and then you shall have presents from London, and we'll have the very, very best of fun.'

The little maids were quieted by the promise, giving the parents an opportunity of saying their last words. Flinging her arms round Arthur's neck, and kissing him passionately, Mrs. Fletcher said:—'Good-bye, my son. Your mother's God bless you, and make you a blessing.'

As a student at Craven College, Arthur was fairly successful. A scholarship fell to his share, an honor well-deserved because well earned. Genial and sincere, he became a favorite with his fellows, and obtained of the Professors a 'good report.' His theological course was nearly finished, and arrangements were made for his medical training to commence, when shadows gathered thick and fast about his life. There came a 'mist and a blinding rain,' and his life was never the same again.'

The old-established Cantamont Bank suddenly stopped payment, and Mr. Fletcher, like many another upright business man, was dismayed to find himself ruined. After paying his creditors five shillings in the pound, he was left practically penniless, and what was still worse, hopeless. The shock and strain were too much for his sensitive nature and indifferent health. An attack of brain-fever following, proved fatal.

'Arthur,' he said, in a moment of consciousness, on the day he died, 'clear away the shadow—the—reproach——'

Strength failed him; he relapsed into unconsciousness, and never spoke again.

'Whatever He would have me do.'

The words rang in the ears of the young man, determining his conduct. The message seemed to be both human and Divine. 'Whatever he (father) would have me do,' thought Arthur, 'means in this case, "Whatever He (the Christ) would have me do." If I obey my parent, I shall please my Saviour.'

The funeral was over. Aching hearts took up the duties of life again and made their plans, under the abiding consciousness that a light had from the household gone, and that for ever.

'Mother, I have decided to give up the idea of being a missionary.'

'Oh, Arthur, don't say that. I will do anything, bear anything, than allow you to give up your dream and my fondest hope. Say you will go.'

'I dare not—at least, not yet. Father asked me to clear away the shadow, the reproach from his name, and I must—I will. God's will, not mine, be done.'

'It can't be God's will. He can't have altered His mind. We were so sure He said to you, "Go."'

'Maybe we mistook our wish for His will. For the present He has shut the door of opportunity against our desire. My duty is clear. I must provide a home for you and the twins, and I must obey dear father. I have prayerfully made up my mind, so please do not refer to the plans I have given up, lest I fail utterly.'

So Arthur broke away from his college life, gave up his dream, and manfully faced his circumstances. How much he suffered in making the change, only God knew. Andrew Hunter, a sturdy Scotchman, had been his father's largest creditor, and to him Arthur went for advice.

'Mr. Hunter I think my father's business may be revived—do you?'

'Yes, if you have push, principle, and patience.'

'Then give me the chance to try for success, and, by God's help, I will strive to pay my father's debts in full.'

His earnestness was tragic; his frame quivered with emotion. The 'Canny Scot' looked searchingly at him for a moment, and then said:—'Try, and I will back you. Make out your plans, and then come to me for advice and help. Good-day.'

Arthur 'thanked God, and took courage.' As he left the office, the Scotchman muttered to himself, 'Yon's a plucky lad—he'll do.'

Mr. Fletcher's business was re-started upon a small scale, for Arthur was determined to make haste slowly, and to feel firm ground under his feet all the way. Early and late he toiled, and gradually won success. Ten years of struggle and self-denial, and then the last creditor was paid. Great was his joy. Rushing to his mother, he cried:—'It's done, thank God, it's done. The shadows are cleared away, and the reproach is wiped out.'

'Praise God for this day, and such a son.'

Then they sobbed in each other's arms for gladness. Both were satisfied as to God's will, but the whole of it was not yet known by them.

A month later Arthur received a special invitation to dine with Mr. Hunter and a few friends, who proved to be either Mr. Fletcher's creditors or their representatives. When dinner was finished, the host rose, and said in pure English:

Gentlemen, we are met to-night to recognize integrity, such as is the glory of our commerce. Our young friend, Mr. Fletcher, has magnanimously paid his father's debts to the uttermost farthing. We honor him for his sterling pluck and courage. As we all know, the late Mr. Fletcher was suddenly overwhelmed by disaster, for which he was in no way to blame, and we are proud to acknowledge that the son is worthy to bear the name of his God-fearing sire. I have great pleasure in asking him to accept this testimonial, and a cheque for fifty pounds, from his father's creditors, as a proof of the high opinion they have of his character and commercial dealings.

The presentation had taken Arthur completely by surprise. He could only stammer out modestly:—'I thank you, gentlemen, for this unexpected kindness. I—I—have simply obeyed my father, and—and—done my duty. To Mr. Hunter I owe——'

'Tush, laddie, sit ye doon.'

The Scotchman had pulled the speaker into his seat again.

There was great rejoicing when Arthur related to his mother and sisters what had occurred. Memories had been awakened, and past sorrows revived. Sorrow tempered their joy, and all longed 'for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that was still.'

'Now God has enabled me to accomplish my purpose in clearing the shadow away from our dear one's name, I want to prosper more than ever, so that, as I cannot go into the Mission Field, I may send another servant. It is the least I can do to show my gratitude to our Heavenly Father.'

'So do my son. I see now that we said "Go," while God said "Send." I wanted my own way, and dictated to God. I have learned always to say, "If God will."'

'Arthur—mother—will you send "us"?'

Madge and her sister stood radiant before them. Until now they had never spoken of the desire they had cherished in their hearts for several years. It had been a sweet secret between the sisters. Tremblingly, yet firmly, their mother answered, 'Yes.'

And their brother said, 'You "go," and we will "send." The fifty pounds given me by Mr. Hunter shall go towards your expenses, and I will do my utmost to support you. It was once in my heart to go, but not

Boys! Attention!

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in God's purpose. You have the three signs of God's will, desire, opportunity, and a definite call. Cousin Fanny will be glad to look after mother when you have gone.'

'I wanted one missionary, and lo! God has given me two,' exclaimed Mrs. Fletcher. 'His loving-kindness is wonderful.'

'After this,' Arthur added, 'I think our family motto had better be, "Whatever 'He' would have me do."'

'Our desires may be good,' said Mrs. Fletcher, 'but His will is best.'

'For the Night Cometh.'

Across the dial-plate, where sleeps
  A lizard, drunken with the light,
An ever-shifting shadow creeps—
  The outstretched finger of the night.
Uncropped, unclipped, around the base
  The high grass springs, the mullein towers,
Hiding the legend on the face:
  'I Cannot Count in Shade or Showers.'

A friend of sunny times alone,
  It hath no love for darker days;
When clouds across the sun are blown,
  It hungers for the warming rays.
It basks gray-silent in the light,
  Content beneath the sun's full powers;
Above, the legend reads aright:
  'I Number but the Sunny Hours.'

But carved beneath, another line
  Cries its short message to mankind;
Half hid beneath the rank woodbine
  To eyes that see and yet are blind.
Out of the wilderness, unheard,
It calls through winter-time and June,
Shouting to all to wake and gird:
  'Man, Seize the Hour while yet 'tis Noon.'

Like bugles in the dead of night
  The high call startles, and the heart
Leaps, as a lark to meet the light,
  Eager to do its promised part.
Man, seize the hour, thy work to bless;
  Mould thou and shape the instant boon;
Hear ye across the wilderness:
  'Use well the Time; the Night comes soon.'

—'Harper's Weekly.'

The Mystery of Brookfield or the Travelling Doll.

(Hannah G. Fernald, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

The name that she signed to her notes was Jessica, but Nanny Richard's father always called her the 'Mystery of Brookfield.'

You would never have suspected, to look at her, that she differed from the other dolls of fortunate little girls. She was very pretty and not very large; and the extent of her wardrobe was really astonishing. There her peculiarity began, for the travelling doll owned frocks made from the material of the dresses of almost every little girl in town.

It all began one cold, blustering autumn, when children who missed the sunny afternoons of out-door play were inclined to be fretful, and sometimes even cross. It was hardest for Ruthie Day, because her mother was not well that fall, and Ruthie had no brothers and sisters. One morning Jimmy Carter, who did errands for half the families in Brookfield, appeared smiling at the Days' door, with a box and a small trunk, both of which he insisted on giving into Ruthie's own hands.

'I'll call again in a week,' he said, and then he ran whistling down the path.

Ruthie opened the box first—and Jessica, the travelling doll, smiled up at her. She wore a crimson cloak and hood over a white muslin dress, and her hands were clasped about a tiny note, addressed to Miss Ruth Day.

'Dear Ruth,' it said, 'I shall be glad to spend a week with you if you care to have me. Please have my trunk packed promptly at nine o'clock next Tuesday morning, as I have an important engagement to keep. With love, Jessica.'

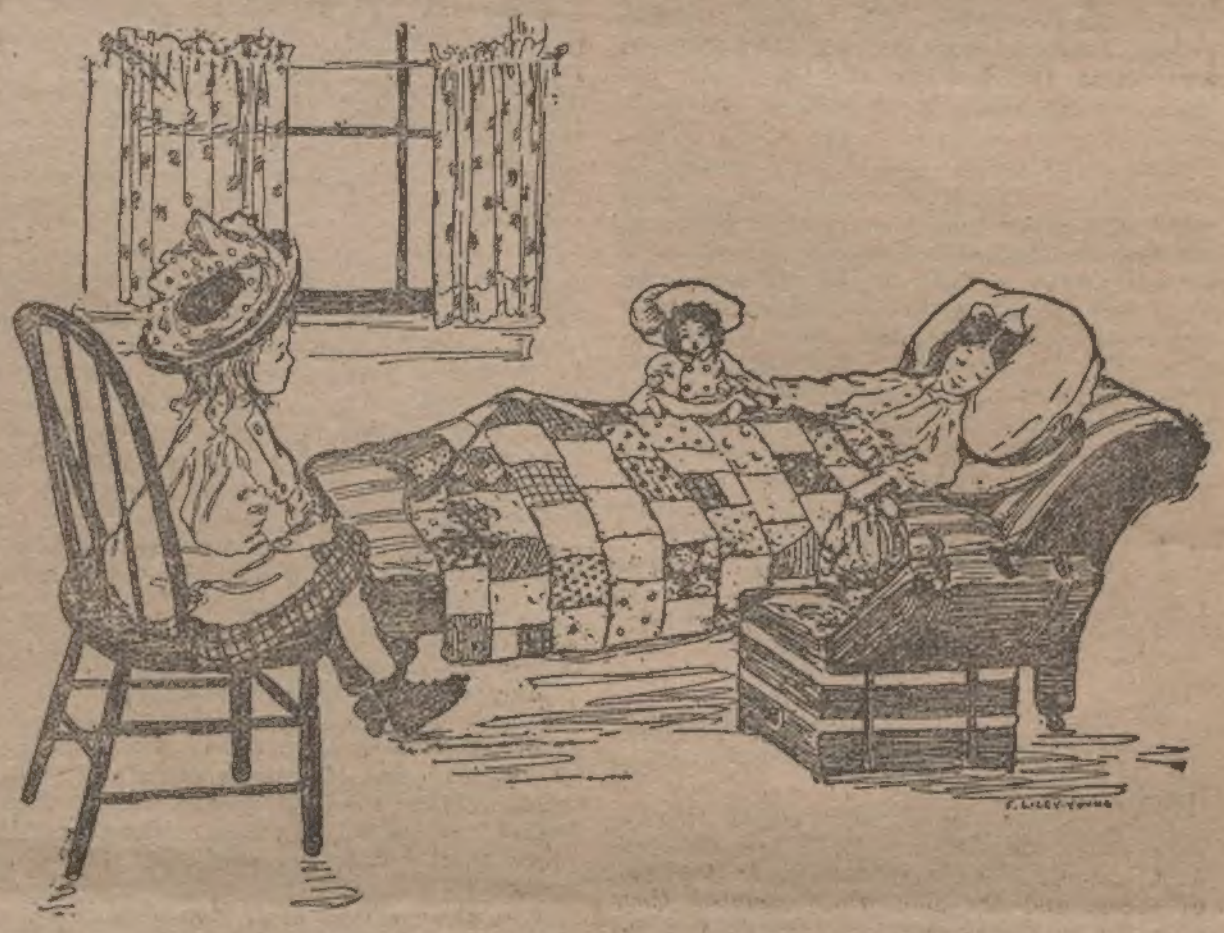
So Ruthie had the first surprise and the first delight in that wonderful trunk, where pink dresses and blue dresses and white dresses, silks and muslins—even an umbrella and a rain coat—were snugly packed.

Jimmy Carter came only too promptly when the week had passed, and to Ruthie's questions he answered briefly but good-naturedly. 'I'm not to tell.'

That Tuesday afternoon Esther Cole had an engagement with the dentist. She was to go at two o'clock, and at half past twelve the travelling doll appeared with Jimmy and the trunk and a note which said that Jessica was to stay four days. Esther thought about the trunk full of clothes all the way to the dentist's and quite forgot to be frightened.

When Minna James sprained her ankle Jessica came to spend three weeks with her; Minna had time to make her two new frocks (which she really did not need) and so began the custom of adding to the travelling doll's already extensive outfit. Jimmy protested that the trunk was heavier after each visit, and that he should soon be unable to carry it.

Jimmy joked a great deal about the doll,



but he would never answer any questions, and most of the little girls' mothers soon told them that they ought not to ask any.

When Nanny Richards gave the dolls' party with which she always celebrated her Anabel's birthday, Jessica was not known to be visiting anywhere, and the greatest concern was felt about her. It would be too cruel for her to miss the party! But at three o'clock Jessica arrived, escorted as usual by Jimmy, and arrayed in a new violet silk dress, with a wreath of white lilac on her yellow curls, and a large box of dolls' chocolate creams tied by a ribbon to her wrist.

Jessica had apparently divined the party, as she came in time to divine other and less agreeable things. Esther Cole, when she was beginning to expect another visit from the travelling doll, received instead a note in the well-known handwriting which said:

'Dear Esther, I feel sure that while your playroom is in such disorder, my presence would only add to the confusion; I will make you a visit as soon as you are ready for me. Your loving Jessica.'

There were other notes, too, which brought pink spots to the cheeks of other little girls, and caused Dr. Richards, when he heard of some of them, to pronounce Jessica 'a deep one.'

'I'll tell you, Nanny,' he said, 'where that travelling mystery of yours ought to go. Down on River Street there's a little girl with a lame back—a dear little thing—family's just moved to town, and they don't know any one. I'm going to take you there to get acquainted with Phoebe, and you'd better drop a hint in Jessica's ear. I don't think the child has many toys; lame backs are expensive.'

That afternoon Dr. Richards left Nanny at the little stranger's door, and came for her when he had made his calls. 'Well,' he said, 'you seem to have had a good time! Did you get acquainted? And isn't she a nice little girl? And are you going to give the travelling doll a hint to pay a visit there?'

'She doesn't need one,' said Nanny with dignity, 'Jessica arrived ten minutes after I did!' And then Nanny and her father laughed together.

'Father,' she said, 'you just ought to have seen Phoebe's face while she unpacked the trunk! I was expecting Jessica soon myself, but I wish—I truly do—that she might stay with Phoebe a whole month!'

Little lame Phoebe soon found her way into the warm hearts of the Brookfield children, and she grew to love Jessica far more dearly than any of the others ever could. The doll made her more and more frequent visits, and after each one Phoebe found it harder to let her go. The other children noticed this; they all agreed with Ruthie Day when she said:

'Jessica came to me last night, but there! I can't take a bit of comfort with her for thinking how Phoebe misses her.'

Then Nanny had an idea. 'Children, let's write a note and put it in Jessica's hand when she goes away from Ruthie's. Let's ask her to stay at Phoebe's altogether! We'll miss her, I s'pose, but we've got our own dolls—and we aren't lame.'

It was a little hard, but they loved Phoebe, and they wrote the note. All the little girls signed it whom Jessica was in the habit of visiting—and then they waited for something to happen. At first it seemed that nothing ever would. Jimmy took Jessica away from Ruthie's on Tuesday, but she did not appear at Phoebe's on Wednesday or Thursday or Friday.

'Do you suppose we've hurt her feelings?' queried the anxious children, 'Do you suppose Jessica thought we didn't "want" her?'

Saturday morning there were eight notes beside eight breakfast plates in Brookfield. 'Jessica requests the pleasure of your company at two o'clock this afternoon,' said each one, and the address given was the big house with the conservatory, where Miss Cynthia Russell lived all alone.

At two o'clock eight little girls stood rather timidly at the door of the Russell house. The maid seemed to expect them; she led them to a pleasant room where their bewildered eyes fell with relief on one familiar object—Jessica, enthroned on a doll's high-chair, and with a muslin-curtained cradle beside her.

'I thought, since she is at last to settle down in a home of her own, that she might do well to take a little furniture with her,' said a laughing voice, and then Miss Cynthia was among them, kissing them and helping to unbutton their coats. Suddenly every little girl seemed to have known Miss Cynthia all her life; to have known her intimately, that is, instead of merely well enough to say, 'Good-morning, Miss Cynthia,' when they met her.

'Is she going to Phoebe's to stay, Miss Cynthia?' they asked eagerly.

'To be sure she is,' replied Miss Cynthia, 'and this is her good-by party to you all! You have been very kind and dear to her, but of course any dolly would rather have a

mother all her own, and you can't think how she thanks you for giving her up. We will have some games, and some music and some "party" (that's what I used to call the ice cream!) and then you shall go all together and take Jessica to Phoebe, never to be a travelling doll any more!'

It was the merriest party! There were so many stories to be told about Jessica, and her queer fashion of turning up just when and where she was most wanted. Right in the middle of the ice cream, Esther had a sudden thought.

'Miss Cynthia,' she asked, 'how did Jessica know when my playroom was topsy-turvy?'

'And when I bit my nails?' said Nanny.

'And when my poor Cora Belle hadn't anything to wear?' said Ruthie.

Miss Cynthia's eyes twinkled. 'Sometimes a mother tucked a note into Jessica's trunk at the last moment,' she answered, and the little girls cried, 'O!'

Then they all kissed Miss Cynthia, and solemnly kissed Jessica good-by, and marched away with the doll and the trunk and the chair and the cradle to Phoebe's house.

'There won't be a travelling doll any more,' sighed one, as they turned in at Phoebe's gate. 'But I'm glad!' she added resolutely. And when they had told their story and looked at Phoebe's shining eyes, not one of them had room in her heart for a regret.

A Stump That Made Trouble.

The whole family, counting half a dozen cousins, went on a nutting expedition one afternoon. It was quite a long drive to the grove where the hickory nuts were so plentiful, and on the way they amused themselves with a game which Walter thought great fun. The people on each side of the waggon kept count of all the animals which could be seen on their side of the road, and those who counted up to a hundred first were supposed to beat.

They saw two little girls feeding grass to a meek-faced, spotted calf. They saw horses which were quite inclined to be friendly, and long-legged colts which cantered about for the fun of the thing, without seeming to care where they were going. How the children laughed when they came to a field full of sheep, and the side which counted them stood up in the waggon and tried to find out just how many there were in the scampering flock. Then what a shout of triumph went up from the other side, when the very next turn in the road showed twenty-five or thirty lean black pigs rooting about in the soft dirt and grunting contentedly in the warm fall sunshine.

The people on the left-hand side of the waggon had counted eighty-seven animals, while those on the right, where Walter sat, had only eighty. Then they passed a farmhouse where an old cat with half a dozen kittens lay on the piazza basking in the sunshine, and then the two sides were even. Walter was getting very excited. The right-hand side counted three horses; the left hand passed them with four cows. A little squirrel chattering on the top of the fence tied the score again. Then Walter bounced up and down like a rubber ball when five children came running to the door of a farm-house on the right and Walter's side counted ninety-nine.

But though victory was so near, it was not certain. Both sides were alert and eager. Then suddenly Walter gave a shout of joy. 'Oh, good! I see a calf lying down in the field! We beat! We beat!'

A few yards further on the road branched, and as they stopped for a moment to decide which turning to take, Walter looked back. He stared hard and rubbed his eyes. The thing they had all mistaken for a calf was only a brown stump, lying on the edge of the wood.

He had opened his lips to announce his discovery when his Cousin John spoke from the other side of the waggon. 'If you hadn't seen that calf, Walter, we'd beaten you sure. I see a whole lot of crows just ahead.'

Walter did not reply. They drove on, and in fifteen minutes had reached the hickory grove. While Walter's mother got the lunch ready the rest of them gathered nuts and readily did wonders in so short a time. At lunch Walter was very silent. 'Are you tired, dear?' said his mother, looking puzzled.

'Aren't you hungry?' asked his father.

'After we're through eating I'll help you gather some more nuts,' said Cousin John. Perhaps Walter felt bad at not getting as many nuts as the older ones.

This kindness from the cousin he had cheated was more than Walter could bear. He choked over his sandwich. 'It wasn't really a calf!' he cried.

'Why, what do you mean?' exclaimed everybody at once.

'The calf we beat with,' explained Walter, hanging his head. 'I looked back again, and it was only a stump.'

'Oh, well, Walter,' cried Cousin John, good-naturedly, 'don't you feel bad about that; such a little thing.'

But Walter's mother checked him with a glance. 'No, John, it isn't a little thing to try to get an advantage dishonestly, but Walter did the best thing he could do when he told us his fault, and I'm sure we all will forgive him.'

After that load was off his heart, Walter enjoyed himself as well as anyone. The day ended as pleasantly as it had begun, and the little boy had learned a lesson that was to help him many times when he had grown older and that day in the woods was only a sweet, faint memory.—Selected.

'The Rebel Sigh.'

(Grace Willis, in the 'North Western Christian Advocate.')

Two young women in tawdry dressing sacques were lounging in rocking chairs reading the Sunday morning paper and discussing the fashion page in loud tones.

Stephanie Southam turned away from the boarding house parlor in disgust. There was no Sabbathlike atmosphere there, certainly! She retraced her steps, reaching her own room at the top of the stairs, and sat down, discouraged, in the stiff little rocker, contemplating the view from her one window with homesick eyes.

A dingy, three-story boarding house across the street, with soot-laden, ragged lace curtains at the windows, confronted her. A chilly rain pattered on the tinroof of the porch, just outside her window. She turned away.

Just then a cold draft and a whiff of tobacco smoke came in from the hall below; someone was standing too long at the open front door. She closed her own door—she could at least shut herself in to her own company—when the sudden, loud jangle of a popular tune played on the piano in the parlor jarred upon her ears. That was too much! A girl brought up in a Christian home, as she had been, with all its sweet, helpful, refining influences, had a right to better things, even though obliged to leave that home and work in a strange city. It seemed quite unjust to her. Why had it so happened, anyway, that she had to leave that dear home! She felt just a little as if Providence had been neglectful. Those who had known no better might wish for no better, but she—it was too hard.

She must get away from this atmosphere, even though it took her out in the rain. There was a vesper service for girls and women not many blocks away, to which she occasionally went, and thither she turned her steps.

Only two or three had gathered. Even the pleasant room seemed gloomy, with the rain beating against the windows, and the spirit of discontent seemed to have taken possession of Stephanie.

Others came in, shook out their damp coats, and sat down quietly.

The leader was one of those wise, strong women who knew how out-of-sorts girls feel when they are homesick, and in a cheery voice she announced the hymns, and kept them singing for some minutes.

Through the blessed influence of Christian song, Stephanie's heart softened. After all, her lot was not so hard.

Sweetly the girlish voices sang:

'Spirit of God, descend upon my heart;
Win it from earth; through all its pulses move;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as thou art,
And make me love thee as I ought to love.'

Stephanie's heart was getting in tune once more.

'Teach me to feel that thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt—'

Ah, she scorned to doubt; she whose father had been a pillar in the church, and his father before; whose mother was a saint. Doubt? She who had generations of stanch Christianity back of her? Ah, never!

'To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh.'

The remainder of the song she did not hear. Her sighing and complaining had been rebellion against God. The pity of it! God, who was so good to her, so full of tender compassion, who had so led her all her days—and now even, in a strange, lonely city, when full of murmuring, had led her to this place, this quiet place where he was. Ah, thank God!

The meeting outwardly was but a commonplace one. There were no great manifestations, no wonderful experiences related, but one girl, at least, went away with new courage, new strength, and a determination to 'check the rebel sigh' which was eating away the joy of her Christian life like a cankerworm.

With such thoughts, it was not strange that the girls in the boarding-house parlor looked at her shining face as she passed the open door, and asked, wonderingly, 'Where've you been?'

She saw the shabby parlor and the loud voiced, thoughtless girls with new eyes. Here was something for her to do. Why should she complain against the surroundings when she did nothing to better them? The days to come should be full; she would no longer sit and complain.

She thanked God that night, though the cold rain still pattered on the tin roof, for the place in which her lot had been cast, and most of all that her eyes had been opened to the blessed privileges awaiting her.

'God Has Given Us Four Books'—The Book of Grace, the Book of Nature, the Book of the World, and the Book of Providence. Every occurrence is a leaf in one of these books. It does not become us to be negligent in the use of any of them.—'Cecil.'

A New Year's Greeting.

The New Year number of the 'Canadian Pictorial' is a mid-winter souvenir. It depicts many of the phases of that out-door life of the opening months of the year that are so typically, as well as exclusively Canadian. Out-door sports and out-door labor are illustrated and give a crisp snappy atmosphere to the whole issue. The man of the month is the newly-installed Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, the Hon. J. W. Gibson. The new fiction department has a remarkable feature in a story which secured the first prize of $1,500 in a New York competition this month. It will well repay reading, and it is published by special arrangement. The doings of the world are represented by striking scenes in distant parts of the British Empire, as well as under the flags of other nations. In the department devoted to feminine interests will be found an article on New Year gifts of 'ye olden tyme' that will surprise almost everybody. The musical offering of the months is one of those English rollicking songs that everybody can learn.

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Imperfect Work.

(By S. E. A. Johnson, in the 'Friendly Greetings.')

'Father, isn't it pretty?'

Little Helen was holding up some bright-colored daubs. She had been amusing herself with her paint-box through a wet afternoon.

But her father was bsuy reading a letter, and barely glanced at his little girl's performances. What he did see did not look in his eyes very beautiful.

SHE HAD BEEN AMUSING HERSELF WITH HER PAINT-BOX.

Helen's mother saw the look of disappointment upon the little one's face. She had seen what the father had not seen, how quietly and painstakingly the little girl had tried through that long afternoon to make a pretty picture for father to look at when he came in. She had been doing her very best, though the result was not much. So far her father was right.

'Come here, dearie,' said mother. 'Let me look at what you have been doing.'

There was the picture. A red house in it was very red indeed. The blue of the sky was dripping over upon the green of the trees down below,—even into the river,—in a way that was not a very faithful representation of nature.

But mother knew that a gift for painting ran in the family, and felt almost sure that smudgy picture contained hidden promise for the future, particularly if little Helen was going to work as hard at her painting when she grew older as she had done that afternoon.

'Helen has tried very hard to make a pretty picture,' said mother, kissing the besmeared little hand. 'Mother likes the picture so much, and will keep it always. Helen must go on learning how to make pictures better and better.'

Helen was happy now. She felt that herself and her work were lovingly appreciated—that all her faults and errors were understood and forgiven.

In something the same way the loving Father above welcomes our poor efforts if only we are true children of His. No one can see or understand the blemishes more plainly than He does; yet, for Christ's sake, He lovingly accepts the earnest effort and loving intention.

If I Were Rich.

Ruth and Jack stood at the window watching the people who passed. It had been a wet day, but the sun came out bright and clear in the afternoon, though the streets were wet and sloppy.

'See that poor little girl,' exclaimed Ruth; 'how wet her feet must be! Her boots are full of holes. If we were rich we might buy some boots for her.'

'And for that boy just behind her; his boots are worse than hers;' added Jack.

'And if we were rich we might buy a shawl for that old orange woman. See, she is trying to get those children to buy oranges from her basket.'

The children's mother had been listening to what they said. She sat sewing near the window. 'I am glad,' she said, 'to hear my children express such kind wishes, but wishing is not giving. Just to say, 'Be ye warmed, and be ye fed,' will not make these poor people any less cold, or any less hungry. You say that if you were rich you would help this one or that one. God does not ask you to give as if you were rich, but to give according to your means. Now let us see what you have to give, and then we can tell how your good wishes will help these poor people.'

All the money these children had to spend they kept in their little bank in the nursery. They ran upstairs and placed in their mother's lap the contents of the bank.

'Now, Ruth,' said her mother, how much of this will you give to carry out your good wishes?'

Ruth thought a moment, and then replied: 'Well, mother, I think I ought to give half.'

'I know that poor woman who passed just now with her baby in her arms, what would you like to give her?'

Remembering how poorly the woman was clad, Ruth suggested a shawl.

'Now, Jack, what will you give the poor boy who had on such a miserable pair of boots?'

Jack thought he could spend some money to keep the boy's feet dry, and he consented to give sufficient to buy a pair of boots.

The next day mother went out shopping with the two children, and as the result they brought home a warm shawl, and a pair of stout boots. Mother had added a little to the amount they had to give, so that the boots were thick, and the shawl was warm, for mother knew both the poor woman and the poor boy, and was quite sure these articles were needed.

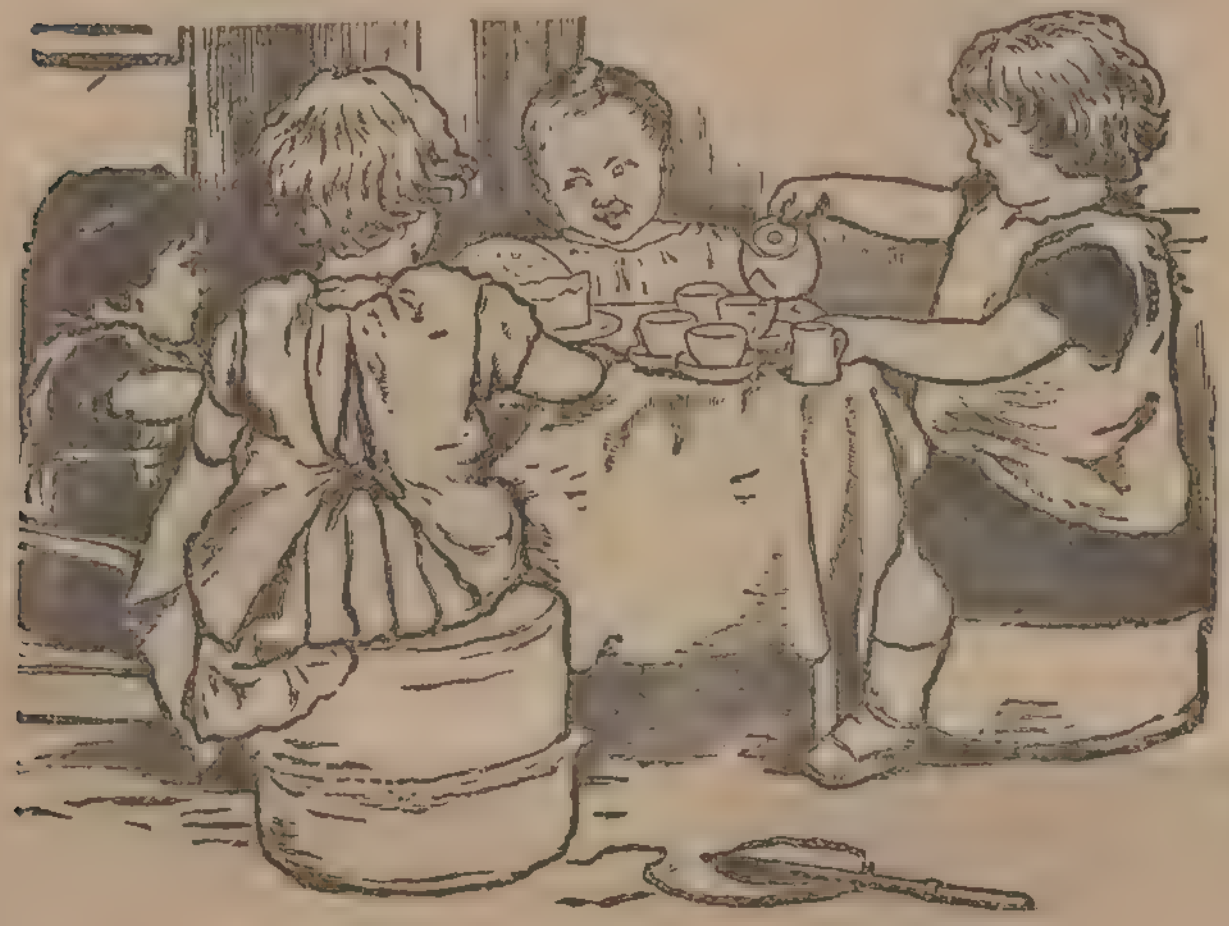
'You have given what you had to give,' said mother, 'and that is much better than wishing you were

so rich so that you might give more. Always remember that, While God does not ask for that which He has not given you, He does ask for that which He has given.'—'Present Truth.'

The Tea Party.

[For the Messenger.

If you heard of Lady Violet Sinclair, and didn't know about her, you might think that she was some very grand English lady indeed, and then when you met her, you would be very much surprised, because she is just an ordinary little rag doll.



But Elsie doesn't think she is ordinary at all, and loves her much more than any of her other dolls. She says her skin is so soft and nice, and besides, she is much cleverer than the others. Lady Violet had a birthday a little while ago and Elsie sent out invitations for a grand tea party. There were only three invitations, partly because Lady Violet's best china tea-set only had four cups and saucers, and partly because Elsie couldn't pour out tea for very many people.

Cook made a beautiful birthday cake, covered with pink icing; and stuck eleven little pink candles in it, as Lady Violet was just eleven months old. There was some nice thin bread and butter, and jam sandwiches, too.

After the table was set, and the chairs arranged nicely round it, and Mary had promised to bring a match to light the candles when she brought the tea. Elsie went upstairs to Nurse to be dressed for the afternoon.

About four o'clock Elsie was sitting in the nursery looking at a picture book and waiting for her visitors, when she heard a crash in the next room, and then drip—drip—drip, on the floor.

Nurse rushed in to see what was the matter, and so did Elsie, and oh! what a terrible thing had happened.

Lady Violet, in her very best dress, had been sitting quietly in her chair by the window, when naughty Miss Pussy Cat walked in. There was nobody in the room, so she jumped up on the window sill just to watch the goldfish for a little while. But alas! it was too tempting, and crash, over went the bowl, right on top of poor Lady Violet's head, while the goldfish wriggled all over the floor.

Elsie picked them up as quick as she could, and put them back in water, but that wouldn't make poor Lady Violet dry again in time for tea, and so they had to have the party without her.

However, I think they all enjoyed it almost as well, and Elsie saved her a nice big piece of icing for a birthday present.

LITTLE HELPERS.

'I will be a little helper,'
Lisps the brook.
On its silvery way it goes,
Never stopping for repose,
Till it turns the busy mill
In some nook.

'I will be a little helper,'
Smiles the flower.
By the wayside, in the field,
All its beauty is revealed
Unto sad and weary hearts,
Though skies lower.

'I will be a little helper,'
Sings the bird.
And it carols forth a song,
Though the cheerless day be long,
Bringing to some helpless one
Some sweet word.

You can be a little helper,
Child so fair!
When your kindly deeds can make,
For the heavenly Father's sake,
Sunshine, love, and happiness
Everywhere!
—'The Children's Missionary.'

The Lazy Clock.

'Please look at the clock in the hall-way, dear,
And see if it's running or not.'
'It des stannin' still,' a-waggin' its tail,
Not runnin' a step,' says Dot.
Sunday School Messenger.'

The Way to School.

A chilly morning? Yes, indeed—
All night it has been snowing;
But frost and snow we will not heed,
For we to school are going.

So, though the cold wind chills our ears,
And Jack Frost bites our noses,
We'll trot along, till every cheek
Is red as summer's roses.
—Selected.

FOR THE LITTLE MOTHERS

A SEWING CIRCLE.

Who has not played the jolly game, 'Will you join Aunt Sally's Sewing Circle?' We have another sewing circle in mind—of little Aunt Sally and her friends sewing for their dollies. Don't you want to form a sewing circle, making new clothes to ''sprise them' for Christmas, and have patterns of your own like the big folks, only ever so much simpler?

Get four little girls to join you and collect five cents from each. Send the money to us or better still, get mother to send it for you, (twenty five cents in stamps would do), and we will send to you five doll's pattern sets, very simple and easy to cut. They are all one size, for doll of 12 to 10 inches high, but you can cut larger or smaller to suit. Each set gives patterns for several garments. We select the styles from our stock; you distribute them to your little friends, and then the members of the club get together to sew, changing round their patterns so that all the dollies can share the styles. Wouldn't it be fun? Who'll be the first 'Aunt Sally?'

If you want these patterns you must write quickly, for we have only a certain number. They were so popular last year that we got all the maker had left, and when these are gone we can't get any more like them this season. Single orders for one set cannot be filled at less than ten cents, or two sets for fifteen cents.

This cut shows one set. No two sets alike in the five we send out to the 'Sewing Circle.'

Address your envelope Pattern Department, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Be sure to mark on the top of your letter, inside, the words, 'Aunt Sally's Sewing Circle.'

..HOUSEHOLD..

The Restfulness of Activity.

(The Rev. R. P. Anderson, in the 'C. E. World.')

The need of rest arises often from the friction we ourselves put into our lives. If we could entirely eliminate the tension and the fear that produces it, we should rise each morning to our tasks with a whistle and a song, and never know what weariness is.

But we work at high pressure, and, as the law of life seems to be that strength is imparted only in silence, as it is during sleep, when the feverish activity of our too busy brains is stilled, we need to get away from the scene of toil and turn our minds to restful 'thoughts.' For it is literally true that 'they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength,' because 'man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.'

Vacation 'is' religion. If it is not that, it misses the essential thing. Meditation 'is' rest and recuperation. If we could connect our minds with God through silent meditation, as the train is coupled to the engine, the source of power, we should find that strength came to us even if we had no 'holiday'; indeed, those that have learned this great secret can keep poised at all times, and every day is a 'vacation.'

Vacation need not be, must not be, idleness. If we get out of our usual activity and simply 'loaf,' we generally come back to work unrefreshed. Idleness tires. Alice W. Potter tells of watching a potter at work, whose one foot was kept 'with never-slackening speed turning his swift wheel round,' while he stood on the other foot. She exclaimed, 'How tired his foot must be!' And

'Slowly he raised his patient eyes,
With homely truth inspired:
"No, ma'am, it isn't the foot that 'kicks';
The one that 'stands' gets tired."'

Vacation means, alas! too often vacation from duty as well as toil, the dropping of religion and religious work for a season. With what result? After the 'vacation' one comes back to society with decreased zest for work. What once was joy has become a burden.

Vacation is too often selfishly spent. There would be more real rest and joy in it if we used it in some way to make people happy.

How? In the little struggling country church you will find plenty of room to do good. Relieve a tired teacher from the Sunday school; visit the Christian Endeavor society, and encourage the toilers there.

Have you ever tried to make children happy? It is delightfully easy. Take them on walks; tell them stories; lead their games. Take some city children for a ramble in the country or give them a royal ride in your automobile.

Change of occupation is a vacation. But, when one uses one's time of freedom to bring sunshine to others, then one has a vacation indeed.

One Moment, Ladies!

(By Hilda Richmond, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

It was Max O'Rell who said American women have about all the rights and then they take the rest. However that may be, they certainly presume to take all the privileges belonging to anyone, regardless of what the public may say or think. Business men and business women will testify to the fact that men are always easier to get along with everywhere than women. There are good women—women who call themselves Christians—who make nuisances of themselves in public places without ever dreaming they are causing trouble. As one discouraged business man put it not long ago, 'the women think the world was created for their especial benefit.'

Clerks in stores might write volumes about ladies who shop and tell their troubles at the same time. They seem unable to buy a spool of thread without retailing the circumstances that led up to the purchase. Without thinking of the valuable time they are taking up and the reproof they are bringing upon the clerk they linger to tell about Johnny's cold or the vexations caused by the sewing woman. It is the exceptional woman who can refrain from giving uncalled-for information on all occasions.

And then the ladies who ask the most absurd things of people in public life. One lady was indignant when the letter carrier refused to take her quarter and bring her some pork chops on his next delivery, and still another wanted a number of notes delivered without postage just because she had known the carrier a long time. Both these ladies were well educated and friendly, but they thought rules and regulations did not count. Another lady refused to patronize her grocer after the day his delivery boy refused to stay and help set up a stove for her, unless he discharged the unobliging boy.

The churches actually suffer in many places from the work of injudicious workers in the Ladies' Aid Societies. These good ladies demand that their notices be inserted in the papers, free of charge, in the best places, because their husbands advertise in the newspapers. If some of these unreasonable ladies would hear the remarks that follow them as they go smilingly away to badger some other person into donating good time and money, they might learn a lesson. One weary editor threatens never to admit another woman, but he is compelled to in spite of his woes.

Why is it that women are so indifferent to public opinion? Time and again angry women have rushed to the school room to interrupt the lessons and storm at the teacher, when an investigation brings out the fact that the teacher is innocent. It surely is more dignified to settle all difficulties with teachers, servants, merchants and the public in general quietly, after a thorough investigation. Many a public school teacher has lost her place through the injustice of women who never took the trouble to do anything but repeat the idle tales of the children.

After all it isn't so hard to be businesslike. It surely is more ladylike and just to use common sense in every walk in life than to jump at conclusions and act accordingly. It is easy to find a host of weary business men and women who declare that the millennium will be well on the way when that blissful day dawns that marks the advent of business methods in the lives of all women.

Need of Relaxation.

'It is not at all strange that women have "nerves,"' said a physician the other day. 'You will notice that they belong particularly to those women who are leading what we might call a strenuous life, and not so much among those for whom existence is a more humdrum affair;

'Especially do we find "nerves" among women who are employed in a business capacity. To begin with, the majority are criminally careless. I have known women to not only attempt but to accomplish a hard day's work in an office on a cup of coffee and a roll for breakfast, and tea and toast, or a chocolate eclaire and a bowl of milk for luncheon.

'Frequently I have seen a party of girls making their midday meal of an ice cream soda.

'If a man tried living on that plan he would soon collapse, but, as men are constituted, there is no need of apprehension along that line, for a man thinks more of his meals than a woman does.

'Another reason for a woman's prominent nervous characteristics is that she never shields her nerves. They are allowed to become too sensitive. If she misses a ferry she does not sit calmly and wait for the next one. She sits on the edge of the seat, taps her foot upon the floor and is continually on the alert for the first sound of its approach.

'Then she will worry for fear that she will not be able to secure a seat. She will contract her eyebrows, bite her lips and clinch her fingers, all the time using up nerve energy, instead of storing it away for a time when it may be needed.

'How few women we see who have that sweet placidity of countenance that we see pictured in our grand-mothers' portraits! This manner of living has stamped itself upon women's faces just as irrevocably as upon their constitutions.'—'St. Louis Republic.'

A Unique Set of Views.

Last summer the attention of the civilized world was focussed on the Dominion of Canada, and in particular on Quebec, where the most wonderful pageants were enacted that the world has perhaps ever seen. Thousands upon thousands were there to see; thousands upon thousands enjoyed and still treasure the many pictures issued showing the various scenes in which King and courtier, soldier and citizen, Indians and pioneer settlers mingled in tableaus of almost unparalleled magnificence.

But pictures have their limitations, and for this reason we welcomed an opportunity to put before our readers a unique series of stereographs of the wonderful Tercentenary scenes.

Stereoscopes are no novelty; almost every family through the country has one (though we can supply those who have not), but not every family has a good set of stereoscopic views, in other words stereographs.

Now there are stereographs and stereographs. We have ourselves supplied stereographs that were exceedingly good in their way—we have them still for those who want them—but these new stereographs, made by a special stereoscopic camera with special lenses and on special plates, and with the very latest photographic methods are something wholly different.

As you look at them through the stereoscope you forget they are mere pictures, you forget even that you are looking at pageantry at all; it seems as though you must be an unseen observer of stirring scenes of long ago—and that the figures before you are living, breathing, and all but speaking, men, women and children.

We believe the well-known Keystone View Company, with whom we have made these special arrangements, are the only firm that can supply stereographs covering the entire events of the Quebec Tercentenary, and these sets are being bought on every hand.

The full set comprises over a hundred views, but we have had a selection of six dozen made for our readers, comprising the best and most interesting of these really wonderful photographs, to which we can not do justice in words at all. You must see them to appreciate them. The set of six dozen we have again subdivided into twelve groups of six each, so that, though a full set may for the present be out of the reach of most people, at least half a dozen may be secured as a start for a collection. A study of the titles (full list on application) will show you how wide the range is and how well the selections have been made.

OUR OFFER.

We are prepared to give HALF a DOZEN of these stereographs, i.e., one group you select out of the twelve groups of stereographs, to any subscriber to the 'Messenger' on any one of the four following plans:—

(1) For FOUR NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

(2) For ONE GENUINE new yearly subscriber to 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' at $1.00, and ONE NEW six months' subscription to the same publication at 50 cents.

(3) For ONE GENUINE new subscriber to the 'Canadian Pictorial,' at $1.00, and ONE NEW six months' subscriber to the same publication at 50 cents.

(4) For ONE GENUINE new yearly subscription to 'World Wide,' at $1.50.

In any of these offers two six months' subscriptions may count as one yearly subscription.

For CONDITIONS of this offer, see those governing all premiums—on another page.

After getting one set of six stereographs, you may get other subscribers in the same way and earn more groups of six views each, or if unable to get more subscribers you may purchase them from us at the regular rate of $1.00 per each half dozen.

This is really a great opportunity. At present we make the offer open for the next two months, but we are not sure that we will be able to extend that time, so that we would strongly urge our subscribers to act at once. The premium will, we know, be a continual source of pleasure to the whole family.

Send the money to us by money order, postal note or registered letter.

Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

PREMIUMS ! PREMIUMS ! PREMIUMS !

Open to Our Subscribers or their Families

given free as a return for a little pleasant w ork in introducing our publicatcn into new homes. Some of the old favorites for which there is a perennial call, also many new ones. Something to interest everyone. No limit to the number of premiums that one person may earn, so long as the required number of NEW subscriptions at FULL REGULAR RATES are sent in.

All premiums sent post-paid anywhere in Canada, unless expressly stated otherwise. Everyone relies on our premiums — quality good—each premium just what we say it is. 'Far better than we expected' is the universal verdict.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS are those who have not before taken the paper, or who, at least, have not been on our mailing list within the last two years; in short, whose subscription means a genuine increase in our circulation.

RENEWALS. Though all these premiums are calculated on the basis of NEW SUBSCRIBERS at full rates, we will accept renewals AT FULL RATES on the basis of TWO RENEWALS where ONE NEW SUBSCRIPTION is called for.

CONDITIONS OF ALL PREMIUM OFFERS:

A. Subscriptions sent in for premiums may be for Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs), Newfoundland, the British Isles, or some of the postpaid countries mentioned in list on page 8; but not for other places, except by special arrangement.

B. A subscription claiming to be new must mean an actual increase in our subscription list—a subscription transferred from one person to another can not be counted as new.

C. No one may count his own subscription even if new, where a new one is called for, as that requires no work, and premiums are a reward for work done. Where renewals are called for it, one's one may be counted.

FOLDING POCKET SCISSORS.

Very handy for school use—or for the work bag. Free for only TWO NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

STAMP AND PAD FREE.

Any boy will be charmed with this rubber stamp, with his name and address on and self-inking pad; with care should last for years. Free for FIVE NEW subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

SCHOLAR'S BIBLE.

A 'Minion' Bagster Bible—just the size for S. S. use. Free for THREE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

CUTTING SHEARS.

Indispensable to the home dressmaker. Eight inches long. Good tempered steel. Free to an old subscriber sending his own renewal at 40 cents and TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents.

CHILD'S TABLE SETS.

Three styles and grades of these attractive little sets, consisting of silver plated knife, fork and spoon in neat satinette-lined box. Will delight the little folks. A splendid Christmas present for the small brother or sister.

No. 1: Dainty and plain, beaded edge. Pretty and durable. Given for ONLY ONE RENEWAL and ONE NEW subscription to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

No. 2: Red Riding Hood Set. Triple plate handle of Fork and Spoon illustrating the famous old nursery tale. Very attractive. Given for TWO NEW subscriptions at 40 cents each.

No. 3: Aberdeen Set—extra heavy plate—prettily chased design on handles. Given for ONE RENEWAL and THREE NEW subscriptions at 40 cents each.

THREE USEFUL JACK-KNIVES.

No. 1: A fine two-bladed knife, made by Joseph Rogers, Sheffield, England. The cut shows style and make. Knife closed is four inches long. A useful tool for the adult, while every boy says 'It's a dandy.' Free for only ONE RENEWAL and THREE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' all at 40 cents each.

No. 2: Only one blade, but extra large and strong, of fine tempered Sheffield steel. Polished hard wood handle with hole for chain or cord. A man's practical knife. Given for only ONE RENEWAL and THREE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

No. 3. Two blades, hard wood handle, good steel. Chain and swivel to prevent its getting lost. A splendid knife for a school boy. Given for ONE RENEWAL and ONLY ONE NEW subscription to the 'Messenger,' each at 40 cents.

A FINE SET OF CARVERS FREE.

No better gift to any housewife. Sheffield make; blade 8 inches long; fine tempered steel, buckhorn handles. Free for only ONE RENEWAL and FIVE NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

FIVE INCH SCISSORS.

Just the thing for the work basket. Celebrated Boker make—good quality steel. Free for only TWO NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

MAPLE LEAF BLOUSE SET.

As popular this year as last.

This year we offer a set of 3 pins in large or small size, as desired.

Large pins have word 'Canada' across the face; small ones have no inscription. All made of best hard enamel, beautifully colored.

One set either size for only TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents.

MAPLE LEAF BROOCH PIN.

One Maple Leaf Brooch Pin in colored hard enamel, with word 'Canada' across the face, given for only ONE NEW subscriber to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents (or Maple Leaf Stick Pin, if preferred.)

GIRL'S PEN KNIFE.

Very dainty—2 1-2 inches long, slender nickel handle, no pearl to break off, two blades. Free for only TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Nessenger,' at 40 cents.

SAFETY RAZOR.

If you've never used one, just try it. Can't cut yourself. A novice can handle it. 'Once tried, always used.' Each razor has twelve highly tempered blades, which can be honed and stropped if desired, so they will last for years.

Free for only SIX NEW subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

LEATHER HAND BAG No. 1.—A very serviceable article, in black only; imitation seal—nine inches long—inside pocket, with small coin purse to match. Given for ONE RENEWAL and FOUR NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

LEATHER HAND BAG No. 2.—The stylish 'Squaw' bag (nine inches) in soft leather, tan, brown, or black, cut leather fringe and ring handles. Given for ONE RENEWAL and FOUR NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

SET OF TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

Handsome set of three combs, extra strong, rich brown tortoise, ornamented with brilliants.

Given for ONE RENEWAL and THREE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

LADIES' LEATHER PURSE.—The new 'Envelope' design, with two flags and fasteners—in black or brown leather, with finger strap. Given for ONE RENEWAL and FOUR NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' all at 40 cents.

GOLD NIBBED FOUNTAIN PEN.

A very satisfactory fountain pen, guaranteed by the makers to be 14k. gold nib well hammered, ensuring elasticity and easy writing. Usually sold at $1.50 to $1.75. Given for only ONE RENEWAL and FOUR NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

See 'King's Book,' Stereographs, and other premium offers elsewhere in this issue.

REMEMBER! All the above premium offers are for absolutely new subscriptions at 40 cents each. Two renewals at 40 cents to count as one new subscription. Further particulars cheerfully given. Sample copies, and subscription blanks freely and promptly sent on application.

Remit the correct number of subscriptions for any of the above offers. Name your premium clearly and it will be sent at once. If short one RENEWAL, add 15 cents; if short one NEW subscription, add 25 cents.

Address, John Dougall & Son, Publishers of the 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

P.S.—In any of the above offers one NEW subscription to the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' at $1.00, will be taken as equal to two 'Messengers,' or one NEW subscription to 'World Wide,' at $1.50, as equal to three 'Messengers.'

KEEP THIS PAGE FOR REFERENCE.

THE KING'S BOOK.

The 'Letters of Queen Victoria,' published in popular form by direct command of His Majesty, King Edward, is certainly the 'book of the year.' Three splendid volumes giving much of the private correspondence of our Late Beloved Queen, and taking the people into the confidence of Court and Cabinet as has never been done before. The work was issued first in 1907 at a price of over $15.00. Now all can have the very same matter in three volumes, bound in crimson cloth and illustrated, at the very low price of $1.50. Supplied from this office. The King wants all his subjects to have this work, and they will all loyally respond so far as at all possible.

Besides supplying it by mail, to any of our subscribers for $1.50 (POSTAGE EXTRA, 25 cents), we offer it on a premium basis as follows:—

1. One set complete as a premium for SEVEN GENUINE new subscriptions sent in at 40 cents each to the 'Messenger.' (This offer could be used to secure it for School or Sabbath School Library.)

2. One RENEWAL and one NEW subscription and a set of the books to each subscriber for only $3.50.

3. One RENEWAL and two NEW subscriptions and a set of books to each subscriber for only $5.00.

These books, secured on a premium basis, are sent postpaid.

N.B.—The usual conditions govern this as all other premium offers. See another page.

Remit by money order, postal note or registered letter to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

CUT THIS OUT.

They Say! What do They Say? Let Them Still be Saying.

'The Montreal 'Witness' is NEVER INFLUENCED BY MERE PARTY FEELINGS.'—Chatham 'Commercial.'

'The Montreal 'Witness' numbers among its clientele THE MOST INDEPENDENT AND THOUGHTFUL READERS in Canada.'—Edmonton 'Bulletin.'

'The Montreal 'Witness' STANDS FOR PURITY AND HONESTY in Government.'—The Hamilton 'Spectator.'

'The Montreal 'Witness' is BOLD ENOUGH TO BE HONEST, AND HONEST ENOUGH TO BE BOLD.'—Sarnia (Ont.) 'Observer.'

'The Montreal 'Witness' was NEVER BETTER OR MORE USEFUL than it is to-day.'—'Dominion Presbyterian.'

'The 'Witness' is ONE OF THE BEST PAPERS PUBLISHED.'—Bowmanville 'Statesman.'

'THE MONTREAL 'WITNESS' DOES NOTHING SMALL.'—Picton 'Gazette.'

The friends of the 'Witness' will do it a service by showing these testimonials to their friends.

See the subscription rates elsewhere in this paper.

'The 'Witness' NEVER FAILS TO COMMAND RESPECT for its fairness and impartiality.'—Sarnia 'Observer.'

'The 'Witness' is THE MOST IMPARTIAL AND INDEPENDENT PAPER in Canada.'—Charlotte P.E.I. 'Patriot.'

'The Montreal 'Witness' is by far THE MOST INFLUENTIAL PAPER in Canada.'—The 'Herald,' Comber, Ont.

'The 'Witness' is no doubt THE BEST NEWSPAPER IN CANADA.'—'Northern Advance.'

'The 'Witness' has manifested, in an eminent degree, the qualities of COURAGE AND SINCERITY.'—R. L. Borden, Leader of the Conservative Party.

'The 'Witness' EXERTS A MOST BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE in the homes and hearts of our people.'—The Late Archbishop Bond, Primate of all Canada.

'The 'Witness' DESERVES THE GOOD WORDS THAT HAVE BEEN SAID OF IT.'—'Christian Guardian.'

CANADIAN PICTORIAL.

The 'Canadian Pictorial' is by all odds the best illustrated magazine in Canada and the best on the market for the money. Beautiful enamelled paper. Best of ink and printing. Crowded with exquisite photogravures. Song and story lend an added charm. To see it is to want it. A pleasure to every member of the household. A source alike of education and entertainment.

JANUARY ISSUE.

The January issue will be a splendid Mid-Winter Number. Winter sports and outdoor work in snowy weather, etc.

A $1,500.00 prize story and a rollicking old English ballad, (words and music complete) form two of the many attractions.

Annual Subscriptions

to the 'Canadian Pictorial' include all special numbers,

$1.00 A Year to any address

In Canada, outside Montreal and suburbs, or in the British Isles, a club of three renewals for only $2.25. One renewal and two new subscriptions for only $1.50. A dainty gift card sent

WITH EACH GIFT SUBSCRIPTION.

Not too late yet for a New Year's greeting to your friend.

Wherever the 'Pictorial' goes, it wins a warm welcome. Try it in your home for a year, either alone or in connection with the valuable clubbing offers given elsewhere in this issue.

THE PICTORIAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,

142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

Special Club Offers

	For one year.
Four copies of the 'Northern Messenger' to separate addresses, three of which are bona fide new subssribers for only.....	$1.00
The 'Northern Messenger' and 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' only...	$1.20
The 'Northern Messenger' and 'World Wide'.....	1.75
The 'Northern Messenger' and 'Canadian Pictorial'.....	1.00
The 'Northern Messenger' the Weekly Witness' and Canadian Homestead' and the 'Canadian Pictorial' for.....	1.70

For all four papers see our Special Family Club, on page 15.

For brief description of these publications see "A Splendid Group" page 15.

Every 'Messenger' reader should take advantage of one of these **Special Clubbing** offers.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Church Chime Peal **BELLS** Memorial Bells a Specialty
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY CO., BALTIMORE, MD., U.S.A.

FUN FOR THE WINTER.

116 Humorous Recitations, 15c; 20 Humorous Dialogues, 15c; 150 Songs with Music, 15c; Famous Dramatic Recitations, 15c; 110 Comic Recitations, 15c; 1400 Riddles, 15c; 100 Tricks in Parlor Magic, 15c; Home Amusements, 15c. By mail postpaid, 2 books for 25c.
USEFUL NOVELTIES CO., Dept. N., Toronto, Canada
1312.

Syhopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Mother's Boy.

(By Cora A. Watson.)

Make rowdy music, little one!
Make rowdy mirth and song!
It is for life like this, my son,
That I have watched you long.

Romp in your merry ways apart,
And shout in freedom wild;
But creep at night time to my heart,
A tired little child.

Religious News.

'China's Millions' for September contains a map of the Celestial Empire which gives the boundaries of each one of the 18 provinces, its population, and the number of missionaries (men, wives, and unmarried women), the figures being taken from the 1908 Directory of Protestant Missions in China. Including Manchuria, Mongolia and Formosa, the population is 422,300,000, while the total of missionaries of both sexes is a little less than 4,000, or about one to each 100,000 of the population. But England and Wales, with a population of 32,500,000, is supplied with ministers to the number of nearly 33,000. If no better supplied than China, the number would be reduced to about 1,000. Or, if China was supplied as well as England and Wales, the number of ordained missionaries would need to be increased to about 400,000. Therefore, there would seem to be a clarion call for a forward movement throughout Christendom!

Rev. J. R. Alexander of the United Presbyterian Mission in Egypt, writes as follows in the 'United Presbyterian':

Our college in Egypt is unique in all the Orient in that it consists of two schools—the Training College for young men and the Pressly Institute for young women. The enrolment of the college through these two schools for 1907 was 1,085. It has thus become the largest Protestant college in Africa. Its sons and daughters are engaged in positions of trust and influence from Alexandria to Khartum, and from Khartum to the Great Lakes. We now have a staff of 24 members, all graduates of our own college or of American colleges and universities, giving their whole time to the work of the college. We are glad to report that two permanent missionary professors have been added to our faculty during 1907, C. S. Bell, of Monmouth College and Chicago University, and C. P. Russell, an alumnus and post-graduate student of Princeton University. Our staff of permanent missionary professors now consists of 4 members, 2 of whom being beginners are compelled to give their time largely to the study of the Arabic language.

In our native church are 46 ordained ministers, all but three were students of Assiut College; there are 15 licentiates, all but one are sons of the college; there are 12 theologues, all are graduates of the college. Of the present class of 11 students 6 will enter the theological seminary at its opening next fall. Most of the 300 male teachers in the Protestant schools in Egypt have been trained at Assiut. The college has also prepared thousands of men who, without finishing its course, have gone into other employments in Egypt and the Sudan filled with a higher ideal of life and its duties, better fitted to resist temptation and to do the right.

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

COATS FOR LADIES' AND MISSES'.

2653.—Ladies' tight fitting coat, in 39 inch length.—This doubled breasted model is stylish for a separate coat or for one belonging to the coat suit, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

2623.—Ladies' semi-fitting coat, in 52 inch length.—This is an excellent model for an every-day garment and one for stormy weather. Seven sizes, 32 to 44.

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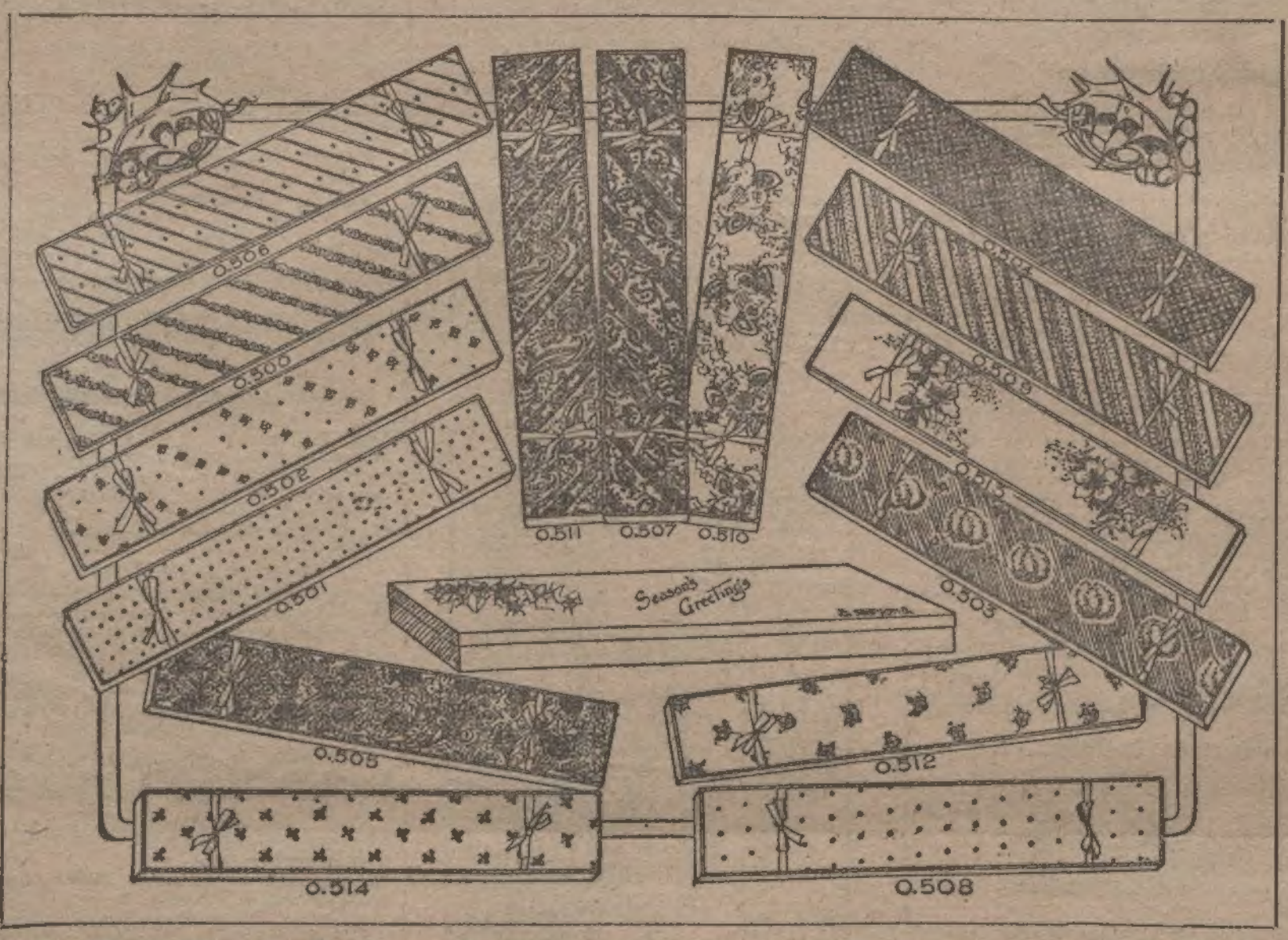

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